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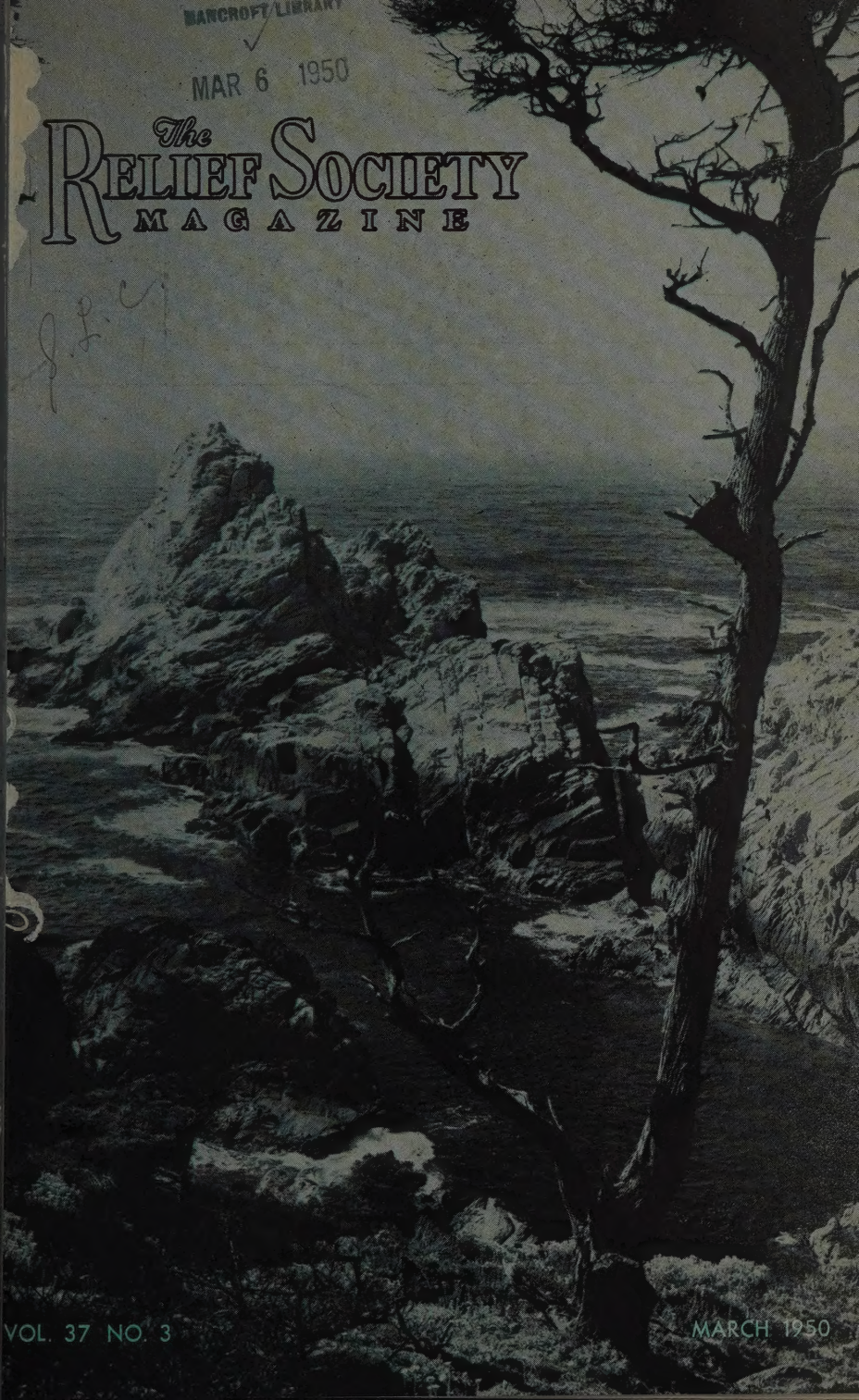

VOL. 37 NO. 3 MARCH 1950

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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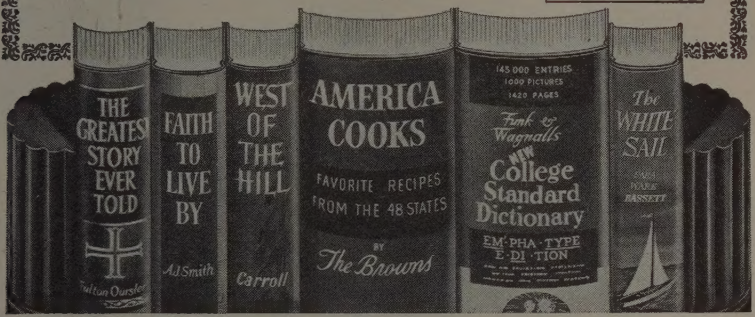

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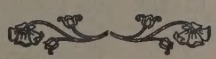
THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 3 MARCH 1950

Remember Spring

Dorothy J. Roberts

Lest you have forgotten the ways of symboling,
Since closed within the city,
Far from fields, and hungering,
Remember the bare, white roadway back to spring,
Remember the lonely hours and the cold.
When you are waiting, waiting,
Remember the inevitable bough of spring,
The snow turned to fluid diamonds in the stream.
Think of the long, dark tunnel of winter,
When your spirit cries, oh, weary of waiting,
And remember the blank, white acres
Splashed with the sure, sudden brush of spring.
Though you be far from nest and bough,
Remember the arching wing
Over the small, blue sphere of hope—
Remember spring.



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The Relief Society and the Keys of the Kingdom

Elder Bruce R. McConkie

Of the First Council of the Seventy

WHILE attending one of the first Relief Society meetings in Nauvoo, the Prophet made the very significant and expressive announcement to the sisters that he then turned the keys in their behalf in the name of the Lord.

"You will receive instructions," he said, "through the order of the Priesthood which God has established, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide and direct the affairs of the Church in this last dispensation; and *I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord,* and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads" (*D. H. C.*, IV, page 607).

To understand, as we should, the deep and important meaning of this statement we must first know what is meant by "keys" as they relate to Priesthood, and to the Church which is the kingdom of God on earth.

Priesthood is the power and authority of God delegated to man on earth to act in all things for the salvation of men.

Keys are quite another thing. As used in the Church they have two distinct and yet related meanings:

1—They are the right of presidency; the right to govern and direct all of the affairs of the Church or kingdom; and the power to authorize the use of the Priesthood for a particular purpose. In this sense keys are held by those only who are in presiding and governing positions.

2—Keys are also the way and means whereby knowledge and intelligence may be gained from God. In this sense, they are possessed by every Priesthood bearer and, as we shall see, by many faithful members of the Relief Society.

These definitions warrant some documentation and explanation. As to the first, that keys pertain to presidency: The Lord's house is a house of order and not a house of confusion. Though his Priesthood may be conferred upon many, they are authorized to use its powers only in conformity with the divine patterns. The power to baptize for the remission of sins is had by priests of the Aaronic order. But no priest can perform a valid baptism unless authorized to use his Priesthood for that purpose by the one holding the keys. So with marriages and all other ordinances and administrations. Unless the one holding the keys authorizes the use of the Priesthood for the purpose at hand, the act performed is of no

"efficacy, virtue or force" (D. & C. 132:7). It is not binding on earth or in heaven.

"It is necessary that every act performed under this authority," says President Joseph F. Smith, "shall be done at the proper time and place, in the proper way, and after the proper order. *The power of directing these labors constitutes the keys of the Priesthood.* In their fulness, the keys are held by only one person at a time, the prophet and president of the Church. He may delegate any portion of this power to another, in which case that person holds the keys of that particular labor" (*Gospel Doctrine*, 4th Ed., page 168).

Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery received two things under the hands of Peter, James, and John: 1. the Melchizedek Priesthood; and 2. the keys of the kingdom of God; and of the dispensation of the fulness of times. Thus they gained both the authority and the right to use that authority in setting up, regulating, and governing all the affairs of the Church, and of the dispensation.

IN February 1835 the first quorum of apostles was called. Each member was given all of the keys which had been received up to that time. Thereafter Joseph and Oliver received additional keys. On April 3, 1836, for instance, Moses appeared and committed unto them "the keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth, and the leading of the ten tribes from the land of the north" (D. & C. 110:11). Elijah also came on that day and gave them the keys of the sealing power by which sacred ordinances may be performed for the living and the dead. Thus the Lord was now authorizing and directing the use, for added purposes, of the Priesthood already held. His servants were to gather Israel and seal them up unto eternal life in the Father's kingdom.

During his ministry the Prophet received—from Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and "divers angels"—all of the rights, keys, and powers that had been revealed in previous dispensations. (See D. & C. 128:20-21.) Then, in about April or May of 1844, in the Nauvoo Temple, all of these keys and powers were conferred upon each of the Twelve. To those chosen ministers the Prophet then said:

> I have sealed upon your heads all of the keys of the kingdom of God. I have sealed upon you every key, power, principle that the God of heaven has revealed to me. Now, no matter where I may go or what I may do, the kingdom rests upon you. (See *The Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, page 72.)

All of those who have been called into the Council of the Twelve since that day have had conferred upon them all of these keys, powers, and rights. We have an unbroken line of succession and of stewardships.

There has also been a chain of stewardships from the beginning. And, incidentally, it is from this very terminology that the word "keys" is taken. Christ is the creator and owner of the earth. But he appoints agents or stewards to act for him. To them he gives "keys" so that they can open the doors of his storehouse for the bene-

fit of all men. Adam holds the keys of salvation for all dispensations and is the Lord's chief steward. The Presidency and the Twelve in this day hold the keys of the kingdom in connection with the ancients. Theirs is the power to open the door of this present and last kingdom to all the world. (See D. & C. 112:14-32.)

In this connection it should be remembered that the Church, the keys, and the kingdom are here to stay. This is a "kingdom which shall never be destroyed." It "shall not be left to other people." "It shall stand forever" (Dan. 2:44). The stone which was cut out of the mountain without hands is destined to roll forth "until it has filled the whole earth" (D. & C. 65:2). This is a sure promise.

Corollary to it is the principle that God will not permit his people to be led astray in this final dispensation. As President Woodruff declared:

> The God of Israel, who organized this Church and kingdom, never ordained any president or presidency to lead it astray. Hear it, ye Israel, no man who has ever breathed the breath of life can hold these keys of the kingdom of God and lead the people astray (*The Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, page 74).

Now, as to the other meaning of keys: that of being the way and means whereby knowledge and intelligence may be gained from God.

As to this, President Joseph F. Smith says:

> What is a key? *It is the right or privilege which belongs to and comes with the Priesthood, to have communication with God.* Is not that a key? Most decidedly. We may not enjoy the blessing, or key, very much, but the key is in the Priesthood. *It is the right to enjoy the blessing of communication with the heavens . . . .* (*Gospel Doctrine*, 4th Ed., page 176).

To Joseph Smith the Lord gave "the keys of the mysteries, and the revelations which are sealed" (D. & C. 28:7); that is, the Prophet received the way, the means, and the right to pull down intelligence from heaven so that unknown things could be made plain.

BY this power false teachings could be brought to light. Hence the Prophet's comment: "I preached in the grove, on the keys of the kingdom, charity, etc. The keys are certain signs and words by which false spirits and personages may be detected from true" (*D.H.C.* IV, page 608).

The use of keys in this sense is not limited to Priesthood holders. Sister Eliza R. Snow took the minutes of the Relief Society meeting of April 28, 1842, which the Prophet attended. Joseph later approved and authorized the publication of her digest of his remarks at that meeting.

> He spoke of delivering the keys of the Priesthood of the Church, and said that the *faithful members of the Relief Society should receive them in connection with their husbands, that the Saints whose integrity has been tried and proved faithful, might know how to ask the Lord and receive an answer* (D.H.C. IV, page 604).

What, then, in summary, is the relationship of the Relief Society to the keys of the kingdom? And what was the significance of the Prophet's turning the key in their behalf in the name of the Lord?

1. Of first importance is the fact that it was the Prophet himself, acting as the Lord's agent, who turned the key. He held *all* of the keys of the kingdom of God on earth, and by virtue of this directive power, this right of presidency, he was entitled, legally, to make the Relief Society an official part of the kingdom. His act was binding on earth and in heaven, and the Relief Society thus became the Lord's own agency for acting in all things within the scope of its commission.

2. By turning the key the Prophet delegated to the duly appointed officers of the new organization a portion of the keys of the kingdom. Under the Priesthood they were now authorized to direct, control, and govern the affairs of the society. They thus became legal administrators holding the keys of presidency. Under this appointment their lawful acts would be recognized by the Lord and he would work with them in the rolling forth of the kingdom in the sphere assigned them.

3. And, finally, the door was opened whereby the faithful sisters, with their husbands, could communicate with God and receive blessings at his hands. What was it the Prophet said? "Knowledge and intelligence shall flow down (i.e. from God) from this time henceforth."

"This is a charitable Society, and according to your natures," the Prophet told the sisters in that memorable meeting:

It is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence. You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms.

If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious will be your reward in the celestial kingdom; If you live up to your privileges, the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. Females, if they are pure and innocent, can come in the presence of God; for what is more pleasing to God than innocence; you must be innocent, or you cannot come up before God; if we would come before God, we must keep ourselves pure, as He is pure (D.H.C. IV, page 605).

I Watch Winter Pass

C. Cameron Johns

The quiet land was covered from my sight
While birds were feeding at the window sill
All winter long; no sensory delight,
No perfumed violet or daffodil;
Today, the sun streams through the lucid pane
As I watch winter pass. The coming green
Starts the first returning bird to vain
Reveling. The season, wedged between
Autumn and spring, is half undone,
Soon to fade to earth where it belongs.
Again the land will sing its lilting song,
While I sate my hunger for the sun.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Hee-Haw Pony

Florence Berrett Dunford

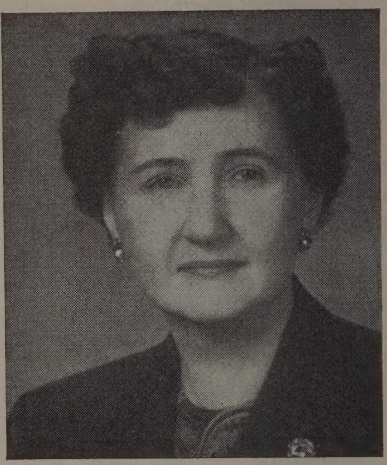
EVERYONE was frowning at Jinny that summer. This was not unusual, except that things seemed reaching some sort of a crisis. Father frowned at her because she couldn't talk plain. Jinny was seven and big for her age, yet no one but mother could understand a thing she said.

Father said this was just a matter of opinion; that mother couldn't really understand Jinny, but only got what she said by some sixth sense that only mothers have.

Nevertheless mother wasn't worried about Jinny because she couldn't talk plain. When father would make gibes—hoping to make Jinny try harder—or the other children teased her, mother would say calmly, "I had a sister who couldn't talk plain until she was eight." And let it go at that.

Mother worried about Jinny for quite a different reason. Jinny had red hair, and red hair was not a thing to be proud of in those days.

Mother did everything she could for Jinny—dressing her in greens and tans, washing and brushing her hair often. Yet all it did was seem to make it brighter. With her eighth birthday only ten months away, and Jinny's hair getting more fiery every day, added to the fact that she had green eyes and a bridge



FLORENCE BERRETT DUNFORD

of freckles across her snub nose—Jinny was quite a problem.

Yet Jinny couldn't stop even there. She was beginning to make trouble in other ways. Mother was expecting a new baby, and I knew father worried for fear it wouldn't talk plain. And every little while mother would sigh. And I knew she was being afraid the baby would have red hair.

I frowned on my younger sister, too, yet there was one thing we had in common. That was our adoration for our cousin, Theodore.

Theodore was fourteen, our Uncle Stanley's oldest boy. Yet it was

not his age that made him big in our sight. It was the fact that he had a pony. The pony's name was Nig.

Once or twice a week that summer Theodore would condescend to visit us—his poorer cousins. He would ride over from their neighboring ranch, sit awhile looking down at us from his superior position astride his pinto pony. When the time came to go, he would make some sign. Jinny, standing there on the ground, awe and adoration in her eyes, would say, "Hot'na Hindoo hee-haw pony." At this the pony would prick up his ears, Theodore would give him a nudge with his heels—and off they'd go down the slope towards home.

This little ceremony had been going on all summer, until at last I had come to recognize the words, even though I could not guess their meaning. . . .

On this day in late summer Theodore had not come solely to visit Jinny and me. He brought a message from his father.

In order to kind of ease the jolt if the baby couldn't talk plain—and in case it had red hair, father was planning to build mother a new room. Uncle Stanley and Theodore had consented to come over and help him hew the trees.

After Theodore left I went towards the house to deliver his message. But Jinny's silly phrase kept getting in my way. In the house I said, "Mother, what is it Jinny says when Theodore rides away on his pony?"

Mother was pretty; she had brown hair and eyes like mine. She pondered my question a minute and then said, "It must be, 'There goes Theodore on his pony.' Yes, of course," she went on, smiling, "'There goes Theodore on his pony.'"

I turned this over in my mind. It satisfied me and seemed to make sense. But when I started to go outside again, mother stopped me. "Why did you ask that?" she said, frowning. "Has Theodore been saying anything about Jinny's hair?"

I couldn't remember. "He brought a message," I said. "Theodore and Uncle Stanley are coming in the morning to help father cut the trees for the extra room."

Florence B. Dunford, now of Boise, was born in Menan, Idaho. She attended Ricks College at Rexburg and the University of Utah, and also studied at other universities, specializing in the summer workshops in writing. In the spring of 1949 she placed second in a contest between the Boise and Caldwell, Idaho, writers, and during the same year she won first prize in the annual short story contest sponsored by the Idaho Writers' League. She also composes some poetry. This story—"The Hee-Haw Pony"—represents Mrs. Dunford's first appearance in any of the Church magazines.

Mrs. Dunford and her husband George M. Dunford have a son Sam who will receive his law degree from Stanford University this year. At present, Mrs. Dunford is teaching the literature course in her ward Relief Society.

MOTHER'S glance lightened. "That's wonderful," she said. But then she added, "Oh, dear, I wonder if that means Homer?"

In his way Homer was as much a problem as was Jinny. Theodore was fourteen, and I, Kathleen, was twelve; Homer was eight, a year older than Jinny.

Homer was one of those fat, helpless boys, who are always pitying themselves and falling. When bad luck came it always came to Homer. Misfortune chased him like a dog. It was our one hope on the day he visited us, that it would not catch up with him.

This was not often, for Homer never rode with Theodore on his pony. But sometimes when Uncle Stanley came over, he would bring Homer along. He would leave him in mother's charge, and mother would immediately put him in mine. Then everyone would have to be on guard until Uncle Stanley picked him up and took him home again. . . .

The sun was scarcely up the next morning when Uncle Stanley arrived in his wagon. In it were saws and axes—and as though he would exact payment for his work—Homer. Uncle Stanley jumped down from the tall seat and lifted Homer carefully down, set him carefully on his feet. Taking him by the hand, he led him to the house and with some instructions left him with mother.

Theodore rode over on his pony. He took the bridle off, gave Nig a little slap on his flanks, and turned him in the corral. Then he climbed in the back of the wagon, and the three men were off down to the east forty to hew trees.

As soon as they had gone, mother put Homer in my charge. But even this was not enough to take my mind off Theodore. *Only two miles away,* I thought yearningly, *and I can't see him.* Even the fact that his pony was there didn't help any. Theodore and his pony belonged together.

I hit on the idea that Jinny and Homer and I should lead the pony the two miles to where the menfolk were cutting down trees. "Then Theodore can ride back on his pony," I told mother, "and Homer and Jinny and I can ride back on the wagonload of logs."

At first mother couldn't see the sense of this. But she wanted to sew on the little things, and since she would never let us see her—and we kept running in and out of the house, and the time was getting short—well, anyway, she finally changed her mind and let us go.

I caught the pony myself and mother put the bridle on. It didn't even occur to us that any of us should ride him. He was Theodore's pony.

Mother made sure I knew exactly where the menfolk were cutting down trees. "Down by the river on the east forty," I said, lifting my chin importantly.

WE started out about three o'clock when the sun was still high and hot. But once we were down the slope there was plenty of shade. There were tall trees like me, and short ones like Jinny; and there were slim trees like Theodore and fat ones like Homer. And most of them were covered with moss,

and vines hung down like streamers.

I walked in the middle leading the pony, my mind filled with pictures of Theodore's delight and surprise when he saw what I had brought him. Homer, the fat, unfortunate one, walked on my left, and Jinny, whom I couldn't understand, on my right.

On the way Homer fell over various things. Once he skinned his nose and it took me a long time to find a stream in order to wipe the trickle of blood off. I could not bear his loud wails, and if I showed up with Homer bawling, I could expect something from my father.

It must have been around five o'clock when we reached the place where the menfolk *should* have been cutting trees. But they were not there now, and as I walked around the clearing, leading the pinto, I could not imagine which direction they might have taken. The hard grassy ground made it impossible to find any wagon tracks.

We had gotten along fairly well with Homer in spite of his falling and bawling. But new, when things looked black for us in other ways, he really hurt himself.

There were two stumps a short distance apart, over in the center of the clearing. Homer, it seems, had climbed up on one of these—just to get a clearer view, or perhaps to try and see our folks in the distance.

But, being Homer, he could not content himself with standing on one stump. He must try and jump over on the other one.

Suddenly there came a thud and a loud squall. The pony snorted and it was lucky I was even able to hold him. I looked over and saw Homer lying on the ground, writhing as if in agony, reaching for his left ankle. Gasping with excitement and worry, I gave the reins to Jinny and ran over.

For once I really felt sorry for him, though at the same time I could have shaken him for his carelessness. We were in a fix—what with the folks disappearing, and now Homer.

I leaned down and touched the injured ankle. It was curious but under my very eyes I could see it swell. It puffed and puffed right there before our eyes. Even Homer's frightened and pained yells were quieted some by the phenomenon. When, at last, it was as big as it seemed it was going to get, it was the size of a small watermelon. And Homer could not move.

I looked around me, trying to think of a way out of our predicament. In the few minutes since our arrival, the sun had sunk behind the tall trees. It was already shadowy and cool, even in the clearing. A short distance away was the river; I could hear it rushing and gushing along. I had never heard such a chilling sound. I looked in the other direction. The woods stared back at me. For the first time I was aware there might be something in them besides birds and bees and butterflies. I shivered, and with an effort blinked back the smarting tears of fright and self-pity.

I looked down at Homer and then over at Jinny. There was no use in asking Jinny's advice, I could not understand her. At the moment I felt only anger and contempt

for her, helpless as I was with Homer, the blubberer, on my hands—and my sister, my own sister unable to help or make a single intelligible sound!

I said to Homer, my voice showing my disdain, "Jinny won't be any help at all. I can't understand a thing she says. You will just have to be patient and help me all you can."

HOMER nodded. He had ceased crying; the tears were dry on his fat cheeks. He realized now our problem was to get him out of there, and perhaps it occurred to him what might happen if he didn't help. Being left alone while I went for aid would hurt him more than the pain. It was possible, too, that the swelling had numbed his ankle some.

Jinny was still holding Theodore's pony. I think the idea must have come to all three of us at once—that here was the answer to our prayers. Homer was trying to sit up and Jinny was leading the pony toward us, jabbering something I could not understand.

"Oh, be quiet, Jinny," I cried, "and let me think." My eyes went round the clearing.

They came to rest on the very things that had caused the trouble—the two tree stumps. If we could get Homer upon one of the stumps, I reasoned, surely we could lug him the rest of the way onto the pony.

Jinny could understand, even if she could not be understood. She led the pony over between the stumps and held him, while I pulled Homer closer.

It would be, I could see, impossible for me to lift the fat one by myself alone. Taking a serious chance that the pony might break loose, I wrapped the reins around a stump. That left Jinny free to help.

Homer grunted and groaned and once or twice cried out with real pain, but we did not desist and at last we had him upon the stump.

The pony had been good, standing there very quietly and only once tossing his head. With Homer on the stump, and Jinny trying to hold him there, I hurried round to the other side. Climbing upon the stump there, I leaned over the pony's back. Then, with Jinny boosting him from behind, and me tugging on his arms and shoulders, we at last got Homer astride the pony.

I was so exhausted and relieved that, in spite of being the eldest, I could not contain my emotions any longer and sank down on the stump for a moment. Covering my face with my hands, I cried a few drops. Then, tossing my head and smiling, I hurried round to the other side again.

I was only a matter of seconds untying the reins. "You hold on to Homer's good ankle," I told Jinny, in my customary disparaging tone, "and I will lead the pony." I went to the pony's head. "Come on, Nig."

The pony did not move.

Growing excited, I jerked on the reins. "Come on, Nig!" Still, he did not move.

I forgot myself and screamed at Homer, "Kick him! Make him go!" But, though Homer tried to prod him with his good foot, the pony wouldn't budge.

It was Homer himself who gave the explanation of this. "It's Theodore's pony," he said, the tears making furrows down his cheeks again. "No one ever rides him but Theodore."

AT this expression of what I should have known—at what I did know, had I stopped to give it thought, all my courage left me. I stopped caring about what happened to Homer; I stopped caring about impressing him with my courage. I slumped down on the ground, and my sobs of fright and self-pity blended with those of Homer, then rose above them. . . .

I had forgotten all about Jinny. Had the thought of my sister come into my mind, it would only have been to say—as I had heard my father say with a kind of chagrin and anger in his voice—"Well, now, what good is a girl you can't understand?"

I was so put out, so frightened and weary after my exertions in getting Homer on the pony, that after my first wild sobs subsided, I just sat there numbly on the ground.

I scarcely paid any attention when I felt Jinny take the reins from my hands. In spite of the fact that she couldn't talk, Jinny was always talking. This was one of the few times I had seen her silent. I could tell, too, by the excitement in her green eyes—by the way they blinked and danced, that she was going to try something. But, in my deep despair, I was too discouraged to prevent it. I just moved a little to one side and watched her.

Jinny took the reins and, climbing upon the stump, gave them to Homer. Then, climbing down, she took three or four steps and turned around. Clasping her hands behind her, in the attitude I had seen her take so many times before, she looked up at Homer and said, awe and adoration in her voice, "Hot'na Hindoo hee-haw pony."

Nothing happened. But sitting there on the ground I began to get my senses back. I called out, "Jinny, stop that nonsense." And I scrambled to my feet.

Jinny paid no attention. She was repeating the silly phrase. "Hot'na Hindoo hee-haw pony." This time she seemed to be speaking directly to the pony.

At this a peculiar thing happened. The pony pricked up his ears. He turned his head and looked at Jinny—exactly as though he understood her!

Homer seemed to be in on it, too. From somewhere he got the sense to nudge the pony with his good foot. Then, before my unbelieving eyes, the pony started up and moved down the trail toward home.

I stood there staring after them, tears of joy in my eyes. Then I turned to Jinny and said brokenly, "Hot'na Hindoo hee-haw pony."

Realizing the words needed some explanation, I said, "There goes Theodore on his pony." Then, really realizing, I grabbed Jinny and hugged her.

Back home again, with the folks already there, everything was excitement until Homer was made comfortable with pillows and hot packs. Then the attention turned to what Jinny had done.

Father looked at it the way I did. He pulled Jinny inside the curve of his arm, and said, his voice tender and not teasing, "Well, if it wasn't my girl did it." And he added something about if the pony could understand Jinny he guessed it wouldn't be long before we could.

Mother was not impressed. "Of course," she said, as though it was no more than she would have expected of Jinny. And I saw that her eyes were still clouded over by her old worry.

Uncle Stanley spoke for the first time. "I was reading the other day," he said, in his most impressive manner, "where red hair is considered very popular for girls."

Then everyone smiled at Jinny.

All but Theodore. He smiled at me.

Give Me Your Benediction

Rose Lee Bond

I go now, Father, to the earth, from thy presence for the space of one life span. Viewed in the light of progression's possibilities, and unnumbered ages of eternal years, it seems for just a little while. And yet, dear Father, my heart sorrows at the thought of being away from you that long. I know I shall be able to commune with you through faith and prayer, but I shall often need your comforting arm sorely.

And Father, these hosts of my beloved ones, my friends acquired during my eternities here, protect and preserve them until we meet again. I love them so dearly! Shall I meet some of them in mortality? If I could be sure I would, the fact might lighten the bitter-sweet step I am about to take, passing from one world to another, dying temporarily to heavenly things, in order to take up residence on earth.

When I have accomplished my task, when I have been exposed to good and evil and have overcome the influence of evil; when I have done for every soul that I may, especially my own loved ones, all that a sister might do to assist them; when I have earned a great knowledge of you and understand the joy that I may inherit, help me, Father, to prepare myself meticulously for it. Help me that I shall not be worse than helpless when, dying to earthly things, I am born into a higher school of experience. How terribly sad one must feel, when stepping from mortality back into spirit existence, if one has not harvested a bountiful righteous increase of knowledge, nor gleaned enough understanding to know or care how many opportunities have been neglected, how many are yet available.

Help me to be ever mindful of my great responsibility as I step forth beyond the veil away from you, Father, along the great and glorious path that leads to eternal progression. Amid the shadows, sorrows, separations, and suffering of opposition's school of refining, help me to learn, overcome, grow, and come forth exalted. Help me that I may be worthy of the gift of progression in this mortal life and through the worlds without end to come, that when I come again into your presence you may be able to look upon me with love and as the tears of that wonderful reunion's joy spill across my countenance, smile and speak softly to me: "Well done thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Women Pioneers of the Press

Dr. Carlton Culmsee

Dean, School of Arts and Sciences, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah

IT'S still news when a woman takes charge of a large newspaper. As evidence, you will recall the recent furore when one woman succeeded another as the dominant figure in a great Washington, D. C. journal. We have, nevertheless, come a long way from the days when women were deemed creatures incapable of profiting much from intellectual training. It seems strange that there ever was a time when men stared in shocked incredulity at a "lady" who attempted anything more taxing to the brain than fancywork or sketching.

Therefore, it is difficult to imagine how painfully women had to strive against the prejudice that denied them real intelligence. Even so, one is amazed at the achievements of certain women who pioneered contributions of their sex in journalism. One can conclude only that woman's high ideals must have been irresistibly impelling to cause her to brave the world's wondering scorn and to wield the might of the press to advance her high purposes.

You may be surprised to learn that the first daily newspaper, *The Daily Courant*, was founded in 1702 by a woman. She was an Englishwoman named Elizabeth Mallet. Miss Mallet was not a fiery crusader, but some of her policies were ethically far in advance of her time. She believed that editorial comment should be weeded out of factual news because such comment tended to influence people's judgment. She believed that facts should be allowed to tell their own story, without emotional bias or prejudice.

Also, she insisted on attaching "credit lines" to articles she clipped from other papers. Borrowing material from other journals was common and respectable then, but her practice of acknowledging her debts of the sort is further evidence of her high ethics. Besides, she perceived that her readers could judge the value of the news more accurately if they knew the sources.

Another pioneer woman journalist was Mary K. Goddard. During most of the Revolutionary War she was the actual editor and publisher of the *Maryland Journal* of Baltimore. Her brother William had launched the paper, but his responsibilities in organizing a postal system in the warring colonies kept him out of Baltimore much of the time.

Mary would have been better off in one way if he had not returned to Baltimore at all during the war. For William was a blunt, outspoken man of decided views who aroused considerable criticism by articles he published in the *Journal*. On one occasion he came near being lynched for a criticism of General Washington which he permitted to appear in the paper. But Mary was a strong-minded person as well as a shrewd manager, and she kept the paper going. The amount of free-

dom that the *Journal* took was rare in wartime.

Cornelia W. Walter is another interesting woman. When her brother Lynde died, she took over the *Boston Transcript*, which he had founded. She was, according to the journalistic historian F. L. Mott, a "bright and spirited editor," and some of her contemporaries called her brilliant. She criticized Poe severely on one occasion and, Mott tells us, the poet called her a "pretty little witch." She helped give the *Transcript* traditions of sound literary taste and culture that made it respected for nearly a century.

Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* know of journalistic contributions by Latter-day Saint women, notably Eliza R. Snow, Emmeline B. Wells, Lula Greene Richards, and others in the nineteenth century, but not all may know about the great New England woman editor, Sarah Hale.

Sarah Hale started late as a journalist, but she still had time to give half a century to the advancement of women. Left a penniless widow at thirty-four, Mrs. Hale attempted to support herself and her five young children by running a small store. But she did not get enough trade, and the venture collapsed. Meanwhile, she was groping her way into professional writing, doing a few newspaper articles and struggling with a novel.

IN 1827 she brought out *Northwood, a Tale of New England*. It was the first American novel based on slavery, and it rapidly achieved success. Moreover, it induced the publishers of the new Boston *Ladies' Magazine* to employ her as editor.

By now Sarah was forty, but she did not let her new job or men's prejudice against women awe her into timidity. She embarked boldly on a series of crusades. These attracted attention—some admiring, some shocked, and they built circulation. But Sarah was not interested in mere numbers of readers, in mere financial success. She was dedicated to the education and advancement of women. To improve their lot she persuaded a New York merchant prince, A. T. Stewart, to do a then revolutionary thing—to employ women as clerks. She helped Matthew Vassar establish the first American college for women. Among her "firsts" were the first girls' industrial school and the first organization to improve working conditions and pay for women. One of the most striking efforts of her career as a journalist was this: she was the first American to work against child labor through publications.

So successful was her "balanced diet" of fashions, recipes, and revolutionary movements, that her readership soared. Subscribers left other magazines and followed her. As a result, there occurred one of the oddest rivalries in American journalism.

Mrs. Hale's only serious competitor in women's journals was a man, Louis Antoine Godey, founder of the noted *Godey's Lady's Book*. He had attained considerable success, but he saw his light dimmed in comparison with Sarah's brilliant

editing. Sarah carried too many guns for him.

So he sought to join forces with her. For many months in his *Lady's Book*, he praised her, and finally won out in his aim, while losing the decision in reader interest. He succeeded in obtaining control of the *Ladies' Magazine*, in submerging it in *Godey's Lady's Book*, and in persuading Sarah to edit *Godey's*.

Sarah raised the magazine to new heights of circulation and influence. She campaigned for better care of infants, for women physicians, for slum improvement, for more sensible and healthful clothing for women, for girls' physical education, for labor-saving devices to reduce household drudgery, and for many other common-sense but, at that time, startling changes.

When she began her work women were widely regarded as inferior in mental power and not worth real education. When she finished her work at the age of ninety, education for women was widely accepted as wise. Women had achieved a new status which enabled them to wield a greater influence in civilization. Sarah Hale did not achieve this change singlehandedly, but through her brilliant use of powerful organs for shaping opinion, she made great contributions, and must be remembered as one of the influential women of all time.

Faith

Helen M. Horne

Between me and the mountains, where blows the good I seek,
A stubborn mist is hiding the slopes to summit's peak.
But somewhere there's the gleaming of a path to wind,
White-silvered through the mists, that I must find.

The eyes long used to shadow's darkened sheet
Shall yet espy that little moon-white street;
Some well-assuring whisper, like an answered prayer,
Speak to my heart, "Be patient—it is there."

And by searching, searching, day from hopeful day,
Will come that moment—and a glimmering way
Will show its silvered track upon the ground.
For, because it is *the* way, it must be found.

Spice

Grace Sayre

He was the salt of the earth,
Whose, now, the fault?
A marriage requires some sweetening—
With the salt.

Rain

Beulah Huish Sadleir

There is nothing in the rain—
That brings me melancholy pain;
The sky drips down a peaceful song—
That calms my heart, the whole day long.

An Afternoon With Molly

Alice Whitson Norton

MOLLIE Green stopped a battered car in front of the Dutton's shiny new brick house and tooted the horn three times. A moment later Julia Dutton, groomed in keeping with her swanky new home, came hurrying down the walk.

"If you don't mind, Mollie," she said in a bored tone of voice, "I won't go this afternoon. I need to do some shopping downtown."

"But I do mind," Mollie answered. "This is the afternoon you promised to visit the shut-ins with me, and our president will expect a report of the visit."

"You could do just as well going by yourself, Mollie, and considering the frame of mind I'm in—"

"Maybe you'll change your mind," Molly laughed, "after you've had a few visits with people who really need cheering up."

"That's just it," Julia protested. "I don't want to visit folks who need cheering up. I want to be cheered myself."

Mollie swung the door open and Julia reluctantly got in. Mollie could tell by the expression on her face the mission ahead was not Julia's idea of a pleasant afternoon.

"Will it take very long?" Julia asked, as the little car stopped for the first red light.

"I dare say the afternoon will be behind us when we return," Mollie answered.

"Seems to me," Julia said presently, "we might think of a better method than going ourselves into the huts and hovels to carry cheer."

Mollie gave the speaker a quick glance. She had never heard Julia Dutton talk like that before, and instantly Mollie knew something out of the ordinary was disturbing Julia.

"What's troubling you?" Mollie asked, with a whimsical smile curving her full lips.

"Who said I was troubled?" Julia countered.

"Little bird told me," Mollie chuckled, "so don't try denying it."

"Sometimes I almost hate you, Molly," Julia answered in a softer tone of voice, "the way you have of looking through me. All your life," she went on thoughtfully, "you have been able to read my moods."

"Generally I've been able to help you out of them, too, haven't I?" Mollie asked jokingly.

"You never tried taking me out visiting the shut-ins before to do it," Julia retorted.

"A new experience always bears fruit," Mollie laughed, "and really some of the folks we are visiting this afternoon are wonderful, particularly Mrs. Walton, a little paralytic."

"Mrs. Walton," Julia repeated. "I seem to recall a woman by that name in church a few years ago."

"Right," Mollie answered. "Mrs. Walton joined the Church seventy years ago—a girl of fifteen. Now she is eighty-five and confined to a wheel chair; but she really accomplishes more in a wheel chair than many folks do on two good feet. You'll forget your grouch after

you've visited with Granny Walton for awhile."

"I know I shouldn't be disagreeable ever," Julia answered, "because I have so much to make a woman happy, but Joe told me at breakfast this morning we wouldn't be able to take our usual Florida trip this winter. He's having to help his mother now, or bring her to live with us. And Tommy has to have his tonsils removed and Becky wants a fur coat."

"AND all you've got to do is to see that everything goes off right," interrupted Mollie.

"I *don't* have to worry about the finances," Julia admitted, "but if you think managing a family of four is an easy task—then you—you—" Suddenly Mrs. Dutton paused and a sickly grin rimmed her face. "Excuse me, Mollie," she said softly. "I lost sight of the fact that you not only manage a family of four, but lend a hand to their support."

"I love to work for and with my family," Mollie answered. "And sewing, even though it is a tedious job, I love it, and the money I am able to earn with my hands helps out materially. Only this morning my husband said we'd have to go to the poorhouse if it wasn't for me."

Mrs. Dutton gave the neatly tailored dress Mollie wore a glance and sank a bit more comfortably into the faded cushion of Mollie's car.

"Well, here we are for our first visit," Mollie announced, as she brought the little car to a full stop before a large residence with a boarding and lodging sign in the front window.

"Who lives here?" Julia asked soberly.

"Caleb Jones," Mollie answered. "Remember the little old man who came to church Sunday mornings for years wearing a white carnation in his buttonhole?"

"Thought he was dead long ago," Julia grunted.

"Not yet," Mollie answered, "but heaven will be a better place when his spirit gets there."

Inside the gray walls, Julia shook hands with the shut-in. She was awed to see the eager light in his eyes when Mollie handed him a new biography of Andrew Jackson.

"No finer man than Jackson ever lived," chuckled the old man. "I never tire reading about him."

For thirty minutes Julia sat listening to a string of merry chatter, in which she realized Mollie had related every incident connected with the church dinner—and for the first time missed by the little shriveled-up figure on the bed.

"I feel that I almost attended that banquet in person," he commented when Mollie stopped, "and I am so grateful for the details you gave me about it."

The next stop was made at a small drugstore where a blind woman operated a candy counter. Watching her sensitive hands feel for the various objects ordered by her customers, and her fingers counting the change correctly, brought a strange hurt into Julia's heart. Somehow, the trivial things she had found to irritate and disturb her life, suddenly seemed of little account.

"It takes little things like this, Mollie," Julia confided as they moved off, "for one to realize her own blessings, doesn't it?"

"Through afflictions of others,"

Mollie answered, "our eyes are often opened to the blessings we enjoy without giving a thought to."

FOR a few minutes the women drove along in silence, then Mollie turned the nose of her little rusty car into a narrow street near the milling section of the city.

"Not another visit?" Julia murmured hopelessly.

"One more," Mollie answered, "and then we'll be on our way home."

Julia didn't say how glad she would be to have the afternoon behind her, but Mollie could tell by her actions that she would be.

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, as the little car bumped along the unkept street, "why doesn't the city do something about such streets as this?"

"Because nobody has petitioned them to fix them," Mollie said.

"Somebody's going to," Julia exclaimed with a sudden show of interest. "These people pay taxes as well as we do."

Suddenly Mollie's little car rounded a sharp curve and Julia's eyes opened with surprise. There was a tiny cottage, glistening snow-white beneath the tall trees surrounding it; white curtains fluttered at the windows and the walk was bordered with violets and looked as if it might have been swept only the moment before.

"This is Mrs. Walton's little home," Mollie said, "and a sweeter place in the whole wide world I do not know."

A glad hello sounded the minute the little car stopped and, looking around, Julia saw a very small person in a rolling chair holding court with three children.

"Come in, Mollie," called the voice pleasantly. "I was looking for you."

"I want Mrs. Dutton to know you, Mrs. Walton," Mollie said by way of introduction. "This is her first visit to shut-ins."

"Sit down, girls," Mrs. Walton said after the introduction, "until I've finished with these children. Now let's see," Mrs. Walton chuckled, turning back to the three children seated about her, "where were we when I stopped reading?"

"Right where the bear was coming up the front steps," piped the smallest youngster.

"Terrible place to leave off," laughed little Mrs. Walton, "but that's where we were, so I'll begin reading there."

It only took a few minutes to finish reading the story and then, to Julia's surprise, she kissed each little child and bade him run back home.

Julia noticed them catch hands and ease off the steps, and then the one on the outside began tapping the walk with the end of a small cane.

"Blind!" she exclaimed. "Those little children blind!"

"Born blind," said Mrs. Walton, "but they live next door, and—oh, well," she went on pleasantly, "I formed the habit of reading to the children in the orphanage when the first three children arrived to make it their home, and I've kept the habit up all these years. When I was stricken—" just for a moment the voice trembled, then her small hands came together in her lap and she looked at Mollie, "I felt for a little

while I couldn't go on with it. Then I remembered Job, and my one affliction seemed so little compared with his, I decided I would go right on living as normally as I possibly could. So the reading to the blind continued and now I don't know what I'd do without these little folks dropping in to visit with me."

"IT'S nice to have them, Mrs. Walton," Mollie agreed, "nice for both of you."

"And good for us both, too," said Mrs. Walton. "They enjoy hearing me read and I enjoy having them. Not being able to see me, they think I am a very beautiful woman, and being a little bit vain maybe," she added whimsically, "I just let them think what they will. They call my rolling chair a throne and I humor the joke."

"You are very brave," Julia commented, "to carry on so cheerfully."

"Everybody has to have a lesson in discipline," Mrs. Walton answered.

"You couldn't have needed disciplining, Granny," Mollie whispered. "Your record of activities is too outstanding."

"I made a good record," Mrs. Walton admitted, "but not until after I was a cripple did I realize that I did many things more for a show than true loyalty to God. Now," she continued softly, "I never lose the opportunity of whispering to folks in full activity—study the life of Christ a bit closer and pattern your kind deeds according to his method."

At that moment another trio of blind children entered the yard through the side gate and headed for the porch.

"That's the third group," said Mrs. Walton. "I read to four groups every afternoon."

The jingle of a phone sounded, and Mrs. Walton lifted a small instrument from a hook beneath the arm of her chair.

"Very well,' she said after listening a moment, "I'll notify her at once." Turning to the women she said sweetly, "Excuse me while I locate a trained nurse for Doctor Gill."

In a few seconds the message from Doctor Gill was delivered to Miss Hall and the little instrument put in its place.

"Few people outside the doctors and nurses of this city know I run the registered nurse's board," she said pleasantly, "but it helps to keep me busy and brings me very pleasant contacts and, incidentally, a fairly decent living."

"At least it leaves you very little idle time," Julia commented.

"I never idle away time," Mrs. Walton answered, "it's too precious. When I'm not doing anything else I knit, and maybe you don't believe it," she finished, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but I'm on my fourth sweater for one of my grandsons, right now."

On the way home Mollie noticed Julia was unusually silent, in fact, she scarcely spoke until Mollie stopped to let her out of the car before her own door.

"Thank you, Mollie," she said softly, "for taking me with you this afternoon—it's done something to me."

"I understand," Mollie answered. "There was a first time and an eye opened for me, too."

(*Continued on page 215*)

A Modern Crusade for the Relief Society Magazine

Camilla E. Kimball

Literature class leader, Bonneville Stake Relief Society

"VERILY, I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness" (D. & C. 58:27).

To recognize a good cause, to espouse it, and then with zeal born of conviction to go forward to convince others, is to launch a crusade. Zeal born of conviction is the harbinger of intense activity. Nothing is so sure to kill a cause as a quiescent attitude of indifference.

As women of the Church, we have available to us an invaluable "home assistant" in *The Relief Society Magazine*. In this day of voluminous current literature of questionable worth, we should be deeply appreciative of this choice collection of wholesome, helpful, and inspirational reading material. Those who read it are convinced of its quality and should be anxious to acquaint others with its excellence.

Crusades need enthusiastic crusaders, and so the choice of stake and ward *Magazine* representatives should be carefully and wisely made, selecting women of tact, of vision, and of power.

With the hope that *Magazine* representatives may catch a vision of the possibilities of a year-round campaign, here is the program of an energetic and efficient stake *Magazine* representative. She felt that the intensive fall campaign would be more successful if preliminary work had been done, and so, early in the spring, an attractive pamphlet was prepared, telling in a pertinent way of the importance of Relief Society membership and emphasizing the inestimable values of having the *Magazine* in every home. These pamphlets were given to ward representatives at union meeting, in sufficient number to be carried by the visiting teachers to every home in each ward. Thus it was assured that every mother would be reminded in an unmistakable way, thus setting the scene for the visit or telephone call of the ward *Magazine* representative.

Following this activity, a poster was prepared by each ward *Magazine* director, representing in an original manner, the women of the ward, as flowers in the ward flower garden. These posters were exhibited at the stake spring party, which took the nature of a spring garden musicale to which all the women of the stake were invited.

One ward poster showed a drawing of the ward chapel with the flower beds representing (1) officers and teachers, (2) visiting teachers, (3) Relief Society members, (4) other ward members, (5) gift subscriptions. As subscriptions were received from members of these various groups, their respective flowers were brightly colored so that the progress of the activity could be seen quickly.

Effective missionary work was emphasized, and the spreading of good will that can be accomplished by sending gift subscriptions to shut-ins, to missionaries for distribution to investigators, to non-member friends, to married daughters and daughters-in-law by mothers, to divided or one-member families. A gift subscription often fills, most effectively, the need for a hard-to-choose gift.

During the summer, the ward *Magazine* representatives were asked to work especially on new subscriptions, leaving renewals for the fall campaign, to be followed carefully as each renewal became due.

Each September, before the year's activities begin, the stake board entertains the

ward presidencies at a luncheon. Continuing the campaign, the theme of the luncheon last fall was centered around the *Magazine*. The table decorations featured the *Magazine* as a part of the beautiful fall flower arrangements. At intervals along the table were groups of small figures representing Relief Society women in various activities. The place cards were miniature *Magazines* with a timely editorial and important seasonal announcements of the first union meeting.

The program began by singing a special song, using a familiar melody, with words commending the *Magazine*. Various members of the board had been assigned departments of the *Magazine* to illustrate. They chose pertinent homemaking suggestions, choice poems, timely editorials, and quotations from "Woman's Sphere." To conclude, all sang another song with original words set to a familiar tune, which gave the concluding touch. Everyone expressed enthusiastic desires to carry the torch for the *Magazine*.

Successfully carrying this crusade into the homes of all Latter-day Saints, will unify the women of the Church, give an awakened and intensified appreciation for new learning and an enrichment of spiritual idealism. Let us enthusiastically carry forward this modern crusade.

BONNEVILLE STAKE (UTAH) CONDUCTS UNIQUE *MAGAZINE* CAMPAIGN

Bonneville Stake Relief Society Officers, front row, seated, left to right: Mary H. Southwick, welfare counselor; Prudence Smith, work director; Jessie Jackson, *Magazine* representative; Manda Morrison, work meeting leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Irene Platt, chorister; Ruth S. Romney, education counselor; Florence C. Cowan, president; Lora B. Nebeker, social science class leader; Camilla E. Kimball, literature class leader.

Note the unusual and attractive table decorations.

Newcomers in Zion

Lonne Heaton Nave

ONE of the tragedies of the last war which drew the sympathy of the world toward the fate of the displaced persons of Europe, has also a significant, brighter angle of which the world has no inkling. Due to the loosening of the habits of security, where outright economic ruin was not accomplished, many hundreds of Latter-day Saints are moving their homes to Zion. Our missionaries in foreign lands tell of the great desire and determination of many who remain to follow as soon as restricting circumstances will allow. The wards of the Church are feeling the increase in their population, bishops are caring for the newcomers, and nationality groups are organized here to assist their countrymen.

Shifts of population centers during the war, together with easier movement of the people because of increased employment possibilities, likewise gave migrating opportunity to members and converts within the States and from the Pacific missions.

These movements add up to a substantial body of newcomers in Zion. They are coming here for safety, for fuller freedom of worship, for sanctuary, and for inspiration in shaping their lives according to gospel standards. The degree to which these aims are realized will determine the measure of the rich potential contribution the new residents make to the strength of the Church. This age of the world is becoming strongly characterized by the marshaling of the forces of evil; and the teachings of the gospel place upon each Church member the responsibility of giving the full quota of his strength and watchful care for his brother's keeping.

Even a feeble attempt to understand the viewpoint of the immigrant will disclose the particular measure of that responsibility toward him which may properly be held by those already established in Zion. The traditional zeal of the convert and pilgrim has been sobered for the saints from the battleground of Europe. They have achieved, at terrible cost, a clarity of vision which saints in sheltered Zion can only approximate by careful study. The difference in good and evil is outlined starkly for them. Their eyes upon us may well move us toward prayerful self-examination.

The spirit of gathering is a spirit of high hope—essentially a spirit of promise. Therein lies the second outstanding characteristic of the newcomer—his vulnerability. It is easy to shrug off responsibility by questioning the strength of the testimonies that have succumbed to disillusionment in Zion. But it is not easy to see, nor to describe, the background of conflict—mental, social, and spiritual—that is woven into the soul fiber of the saint reared outside geographical Zion. No matter what the strength of his testimony, so long as his residence here remains at the adjustment level, his hold on spiritual assurance will be tenuous and dependent. To him, and to the convert alike, Zion has been the promise of sanctuary from the evils which hurt him personally. It may be that, in casting his lot

with the Rocky Mountain saints, he must learn to work with them, forgiving as he himself needs forgiveness, toward the ultimate sanctuary in a more distant millennium.

But for a long time he will continue to feel himself apart from those reared in the security he has longed for, if by unworthy example some deny him admittance thereto. He is used to greed, cruelty, unkindness in varying degrees from former associates, but those contacts were tempered for him by the sharp realization of the differences between him, a possessor of the gospel testimony, and those who mistreated him. He knows too well those meetinghouse religionists whose dealings with their fellow men are completely divorced from the teachings of the Christ, but he had his secret knowledge that in Zion, to which he would escape some day, the gospel was an everyday religion guiding completely the lives of the saints.

IN contrast to the mystic religions of the East, where the devotee finds his ecstasy in contemplation of sublime doctrines, the Latter-day Saint discovers the divine nature of his religion in the level at which he is able to deal with his fellows. Brotherly love is, in effect, the height of his expectancy in his dreams of Zion. Now if he finds in his daily existence in Zion that human nature is here no more refined than elsewhere, particularly if any who offend him hold Church office, his back is to the wall. His belief in God may not be challenged, but a blow to his belief in his fellow men strikes close to where his testimony lies, and his hurt may confuse all his thinking.

The average saint who answers the call of gathering has the belief that there is a great source of strength in the unity of the Church community, from which he will be able to derive help in his own efforts to live by gospel patterns. The example of those members with whom he lives and works and has dealings will represent Zion to him. Their motives, their attitudes toward him and toward their own neighbors, their degree of generosity and kindliness when put to any test of incorruptibility in any emergency —these intangibles will interpret for him the applied gospel far more than their regularity at Church services, their obedience to the mere taboos of the Word of Wisdom, or even their having sons and daughters in the mission field. For these former things denote brotherly love, and if their absence for him indicates the need for the reaffirmation of that culminating principle of the gospel, even in Zion, his potential contribution to the spiritual force of the Church may be impaired.

For all who pray, then, that the will of God be done upon the earth in this day, let this responsibility be recognized and discharged carefully. It is a highly individual responsibility and cannot be shifted to others. The thirteenth article of our faith is, in actuality, the working test of its authenticity and of our worthiness to be called saints. Let us seek to understand any stranger or newcomer in our immediate environment and be true to our faith with him and before him. For, unwittingly, the welfare of his soul and a portion of the welfare of Zion may be in our keeping.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH: Having had the blessed privilege of being acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, in my childhood, and, having been requested to write a few lines on the subject, I cheerfully comply. I will say the remembrance of the influence, the spirit and kindness, made a more lasting impression upon my mind, than did the features of the man; at the time of the assassination of the Prophet I was nearly seven years old. My thoughts have often dwelt upon the firm manner in which he bore the trials and persecutions which were continually heaped upon him by his enemies, and my earliest recollections of him are of seeing him at my father's house, trying to keep out of the sight of his enemies who were seeking him night and day, that they might destroy him. The remembrance of the spirit which attended the great man is fresh in memory never to be erased.—S. L. Partridge

TO MY HUSBAND'S MOTHER

Let lighter affections go whither they may,
And passions less holy be lost and decay;
Let doubts and suspicions false sympathies ever,
But may our true friendship endure forever!
May that love, dear mother, between us exist,
Which can every test and temptation resist;
With a union like that of Naomi and Ruth,
Firm as Heaven's own justice, and fair as its truth.
—Lula

EDITORIAL NOTES: On Thursday, February 20, 1890, Mr. George H. Horne and Miss Alice S. Merrill were united in marriage; the ceremony was performed in the Logan Temple. On the Monday following, the 24th, a reception for the newly wedded bride and bridegroom was held at the residence of Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith, the grandmother of the fair young bride. The bride who is young and beautiful looked charming (of course). Her dress was neat and becoming, of white India silk and made with her own hands; exquisite soft lace lay gracefully on her neck, she wore a delicate rose in her hair, vines and white blossoms were prettily draped from her shoulder to the waist, she was certainly a handsome bride.

MALAD STAKE: The Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of the Malad Stake was held at Portage, Feb. 9th, 1890. Pres. Lucinda Hoskins presiding, addressed the meeting. "We are living in a time that will try the hearts of all; our greatest aim should be to stand firm in the kingdom of God. The Relief Society is doing a great work wherever it has been organized, we should be diligent in attending to all our duties."—Eliza A. Hall, Sec.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: It was thought that there was not in the United States any memorial of Christopher Columbus. One, however, has been found. The consul-general of France at Baltimore, in 1874, erected a column which bears the name of the discoverer. He placed it in an obscure place on his grounds, and when streets were laid out it there remained, hidden from sight by trees and shrubs. It was almost forgotten till recently, when it was brought to light.—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

"SENSIBLE and responsible women do not want to vote." So wrote ex-President Cleveland in 1905. This is one of a host of interesting items recounted by Agnes Rogers in her recent volume, *Women are Here to Stay*. Surprisingly, the author has succeeded in collecting 502 pertinent (and frequently impertinent) pictures to accompany her account of woman's progress during the past half century. Miss Rogers (Mrs. Frederick Lewis Allen) is also co-author, with her husband, of the best seller, *I Remember Distinctly*.

DETA PETERSEN NEELEY, a Doctor of Education, has used her knowledge of child psychology and a child's vocabulary in her volume, just off the press, *The Journey to the Promised Land*. This is the first part of the Book of Mormon story, told with continuity and absorbing interest, for children, and it is easily read by a child of fourth-grade ability. Dr. Neeley, crippled and in constant pain from Parkinson's disease, has composed this book in a wheel chair. With hands rendered useless and a voice affected so that it is barely more than a whisper, she has spoken this book into a dictaphone. She has been motivated by the desire to inspire faith in the hearts of her readers.

LOUISE SNELGROVE RICHARDS (Mrs. Willard B. Richards, Senior) observed her 93rd birthday December 12. Never idle, Mrs. Richards has made more than four hundred soft, lovely baby blankets, with crocheted edges, as gifts for young friends who were expectant mothers. With each blanket she has sent a prayerful wish: "Dear Expectant Mother: Hoping you will have courage and strength to go forward; may you have a safe delivery, a speedy recovery, and a desire to rear your children close to the Lord, and keep his commandments." With her clear, vivid memory, Mrs. Richards is an authority on early pioneer history. Nine of her children are living.

IRIS THORPE, a young Salt Lake woman, is enjoying an unusual experience teaching school in Wurzburg, Germany, which was 85 per cent destroyed by bombs during the war.

SARAH SPRAGUE BATES, of Murray, Utah, celebrated the ninety-sixth anniversary of her birth December 15. Eight of her twelve children are living, and more than 100 descendants. In early days Mrs. Bates was a telegrapher, and she also skinned deer and made doeskin gloves.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 MARCH 1950 NO. 3

The Handmaid to the Priesthood

THE Relief Society has been termed "the handmaid to the Priesthood of God in carrying on his work for the salvation of man."* This being the case, it is easily understandable why it has also been characterized as the greatest woman's organization in the world.

When one considers the Priesthood and its powers, one more fully appreciates the position held by the Relief Society. Realizing the importance of the society, Relief Society officers are always seeking to impress upon the womanhood of the Church, the blessing and responsibility associated with membership in it.

Sometimes women Church members seem not to realize that the organization of Relief Society by divine inspiration entails the responsibility of giving their support to its activities. What weight will membership in any other woman's organization—be it cultural or philanthropic—carry in the day of judgment in comparison to an active membership in the organization which is "handmaid to the Priesthood?" Latter-day Saint woman's primary duty is to support first the Relief Society before any other woman's organization.

A great and valuable contribution to the furtherance of that part of Church work assigned to women is expected from the members of Relief Society, essentially a work of compassion among the Church membership. Because of its divine origin, Relief Society officers, general, stake, and ward are privileged to be directed by the Priesthood, and Relief Society leaders themselves have the right to the inspiration of the Lord in carrying on their work.

And certainly every worker in Relief Society would acknowledge how, through bestowing watchcare and loving service on others, there returns to her an increase in her own understanding, growth, and progression along that straight and narrow path to eternal life.

Sometimes, instead of considering the hours of devoted service a faithful member gives to the work of Relief Society, it would be well for each member to consider the great goodness of the Lord in giving to his daughters here on earth an organization, also to consider the blessings of leadership, experience, and doing good which flow to the sisters who continue steadfast in their loyalty to the society through the years.

When Nephi was being shown the events of the latter days, he saw that while the dominions of the saints were small, they

*(J. Reuben Clark, Jr., "Our Homes," *Relief Society Magazine*, Dec. 1940, page 802).

were "also upon all the face of the earth." It is inspiring to a Relief Society member to realize that usually wherever the Church is organized there is likewise a Relief Society composed of faithful sisters, each society in its own land serving as handmaid to the Priesthood in that land.

March 17, 1950 commemorates the close of the 108th year of Relief Society and the beginning of the 109th year.

In this coming year the hearts of the sisters will again rejoice and their voices rise in praise and gratitude to the Lord for his goodness to his daughters. The testimonies heard each month in every Relief Society organization on the face of the earth, in different languages and under varying conditions, attest in unison of the goodness of the Lord in inspiring that great Prophet of the latter days to organize Relief Society. The testimonies of the members, forming a band around the earth encircling the daughters of Zion within the Church, inspire them to seek to fulfill the full measure of Relief Society's creation.

—M.C.S.

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

THE April 1950 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four authors being represented, each with an interesting story. Enjoy these stories in April:

"The Thickness of Water," by Nellie Iverson Cox
"That Monson Kid," by Sylvia Probst Young
"The Oldest Girl of the Oldest Girl," by Blanche Kendall McKey
"A Chaperon for Miss Fanny," by Pansye H. Powell

CREDIT ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR PHOTOGRAPH USED IN THE FEBRUARY *MAGAZINE*

Due to an oversight, the photograph of Abraham Lincoln used on page 82 of the February *Magazine* was not given a credit line. The photograph was taken from the statue of Abraham Lincoln by Avard Fairbanks. This well-known and much admired statue is at the Ewa Plantation School near Honolulu, Hawaii. Dr. Fairbanks is Dean of the School of Fine Arts at the University of Utah.

Notes TO THE FIELD

The Importance of the Visiting Teacher Message

OUR attention has been called to the fact that some visiting teachers are under the impression that since a report as to the delivery of the message in the homes is no longer required, it is not necessary to present the message itself in the homes. Stake and ward presidents are requested to correct this impression and to emphasize the fact to the visiting teachers that the delivery of the message in the homes is a vital part of the visiting teaching program and its importance has in no way diminished, even though a monthly report of this activity is not now required.

Summer Work Meetings

It is the desire of the general board that a work meeting be held each month, as heretofore, during the summer period, June through September. Church welfare sewing should take precedence over all other work activities.

Organizations and Reorganizations of Mission and Stake Relief Societies

Since the last report, printed in the March 1949 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, to and including December 1949.

NEW ORGANIZATIONS

Missions	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date of Appointment*
Chinese	New	Hazel M. Robertson	April 29, 1949
Great Lakes	Northern States	Ella C. Burton	October 21, 1949
Stakes	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date of Appointment*
East Riverside	Riverside	Bernice S. Anderson	June 10, 1949
Glendale	San Fernando	Mary E. Cutler	December 4, 1949
South Bear River	Bear River	Rebecca C. Mortensen	May 23, 1949

REORGANIZATIONS

Missions	Released President	Appointed President	Date of Appointment
Argentine	Cecile S. Young	Leanor J. Brown	March 12, 1949
Brazilian	Diania H. Rex	Mary P. Howells	January 28, 1949
Danish	Eliza Petersen	Minnie B. Sorensen	June 24, 1949
European	Leona B. Sonne		
Japanese	Irene P. Clissold	Ethel L. Mauss	August 3, 1949
Netherlands	Adriana M. Zappey	Lillian D. Lillywhite	December 11, 1949
North Central States	Ann Jane L. Killpack	Laura M. Hawkes	January 26, 1949
Northern California	Mary S. Ellsworth	Amelia E. P. Gardner	June 10, 1949
Norwegian	Margaret B. Peterson	Grace M. Gowans	November 18, 1949
Pacific	Elva T. Cowley		
Swedish	Ethel J. Blomquist	Annie B. Johnson	September 12, 1949
Swiss-Austrian	Nida A. Taggart	Lenora K. Bringhurst	January 3, 1949
Tahitian	Emma Ruth M. Mitchell	Franklin J. Fullmer	April 14, 1949
Tahitian	Franklin J. Fullmer	Muriel R. Mallory	December 12, 1949
Texas-Louisiana	Christie J. Smith	Leone R. Bowring	October 31, 1949
Western States	Lula P. Child	Mildred M. Dillman	October 5, 1949

Stakes	Released President	Appointed President	Date of Appointment
Berkeley	Louise O. Knight	Vera H. Mayhew	January 1, 1949
East Jordan	Vella C. Jones	Grace G. Thornton	October 30, 1949
East Mill Creek	Muriel R. Mallory	Erma M. Dixon	November 13, 1949
East Provo	Amanda Johnston	Zina P. Dunford	August 14, 1949
Emery	Orlinda N. Ware	Surelda C. Ralphs	August 21, 1949
Farr West	Nellie W. Neal	Geneva J. Garfield	June 1, 1949
Gunnison	Orlene L. Henrie	Iva D. Fjeldsted	August 21, 1949
Highland	Josephine S. Jones	Florence M. Holland	December 4, 1949
Inglewood	Josephine B. Prestwich	Lavena L. Rohner	September 25, 1949
Juab	Lua L. Stephenson	Lyle C. Pratt	November 27, 1949
Kanab	Lillian C. McAllister	Vera Deane Blackburn	July 31, 1949
Millard	Fern Robison	Faymetta S. Prows	March 20, 1949
Moon Lake	Birdie R. Swasey	Anona O. Miles	October 30, 1949
Nebo	Nadine Brown	Lucille H. Spencer	June 5, 1949
New York	Louesa R. MacDonald	Vera H. Hales	May 15, 1949
North Sanpete	Pearle M. Olsen	Pearle U. Winkler	August 7, 1949
Oahu	Mary A. Tyau (died Mar. 31, 1949)	Sadie Kamaile Kauhini	May 15, 1949
Panguitch	Lareeta Yardley	Cleo V. Hatch	February 6, 1949
Phoenix	Mable D. Mortensen	Lola M. Shumway	February 27, 1949
Riverside	Sarah N. Twitchell	Drusilla B. Newman	July 18, 1949
St. George	Leila K. Atkin	Verna L. Dewsnup	January 9, 1949
St. Johns	Anona C. Heap	Mary H. Gibbons	September 4, 1949
Sacramento	Erma F. Roskelley	Lesslie Stubbs	September 18, 1949
San Fernando	Mary E. Cutler	Evelyn P. Brown	December 26, 1949
Shelley	Annie B. Johnson	Eva L. Clinger	August 14, 1949
South Idaho Falls	Eleanora B. Allen	Edna J. Kindred	May 15, 1949
Tooele	Emma R. Hanks	Leona P. Boyce	January 16, 1949
Washington	Gwendolyn T. Gwynn	Elese B. Lundberg	March 6, 1949

Photograph courtesy Ivy H. Jones

JOSEPHINE ORTIZ, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, MAKES CLOTH DOLLS FOR FUN—AND FOR PROFIT

JOSEPHINE Ortiz has a natural gift for making and dressing cloth dolls. She gives them beauty and personality, as well as color and style. The doll which Mrs. Ortiz is holding is named "Juanita," and was sent to a little girl in Provo, Utah. There the doll created so much interest among the Primary children that an inquiry was made regarding the pattern. A large department store in Albuquerque, New Mexico, gave an order for two dozen dolls last fall and has given other orders for more dolls to grace the 1949 holiday season. In the "Talents" project of the Spanish-American Mission, Sister Ortiz earned $66 for her Relief Society and received much joy and satisfaction in the use of her unusual gift.

Winter Was Long

Lael W. Hill

. . But silver-velvet buds erupt
Along each pussy willow bough—
The sky is new and clean and tall.
Under snow's crystal edge are cupped
The golden crocuses; somehow
Old sheaths of winter burst and fall—
And spring emerges, after all.

The American Red Cross and Its Program

Information Released by the Office of Public Information, Pacific Area

A Maryland mother saved her three-year-old son's life this summer by applying artificial respiration after she pulled him from a fishpond in the back yard. While waiting for help, the resourceful mother knelt over her unconscious child and worked skillfully to restore his breathing. Her knowledge of what to do in this emergency saved her child's life. She had been trained in lifesaving by the Red Cross.

In Los Angeles a five-year-old victim of nephrosis, an often fatal disease, needed a rare blood product, serum albumin. Two hundred ampules of the precious fluid were flown from the east to give this child a chance against the disease. The life-giving serum was processed from 800 pints of blood collected by a Red Cross blood center.

Traditional Red Cross educational health services—Water Safety, First Aid, Accident Prevention, Home Nursing—provide thousands of Americans with knowledge and skills to enable them to save lives in emergencies and to better the nation's health and safety. To provide these and additional services the Red Cross in its March fund campaign appeals to the American people for $67,000,000.

Contributing to the welfare of Americans struck by disaster—flood, fire, storm, and other unexpected catastrophes—Red Cross provides immediate and long-term aid for victims. In the emergency period of a disaster, Red Cross workers arrive on the scene to supply food, clothing, shelter, and medical care. Long-term aid is accorded those victims to whom the loss of home or small business may mean financial ruin. During the past fiscal year 228,515 persons received assistance in 330 disaster relief operations.

In fulfilling its responsibility to serve members of the armed forces and veterans, the Red Cross assisted more than two million servicemen and veterans and their dependents in working out personal and family problems. Help in filing government claims for veteran's benefits, financial assistance pending receipt of benefits, and provision for trained staff and volunteer workers to bring recreational and welfare services into military and veterans hospitals were provided to an expanded military force and an increasing veteran population.

Your help is solicited for the 1950 fund to carry on humane services through the Nation's Red Cross.

Poised Moment

Marvin Jones

Poised, high on the thin edge of morning,
Night leans toward eternity,
Then like the meteor my heart is, falls hissing
Into the green foam-slope of the sea . . . .

Oriental China, Ancient and Modern

II—Japanese Wares

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

NOT until the twelfth century when they came to know the Sung wares of China, did the Japanese produce anything noteworthy in the way of ceramics. In 1223, a potter named Kato was sent to China to learn techniques. Returning, he opened a kiln in the province of Owari, and began producing wares far superior to anything hitherto known in Japan.

In 1520, another potter, Shonziu, made his way to the Ching-te-chen works, where he acquired the art of manufacturing porcelain, and of decorating it in the underglaze blue. He set up his kiln in Arita, province of Hizen, and imported the fine white clay from China for his work.

Many years later, the victorious generals of Hideyoshi, the dictator, at his request, brought back to Japan, Korean potters. Hideyoshi was a patron of the arts when he was not engaged in conquering neighboring countries, and was most anxious to encourage the art of ceramics in his native land.

His desires were gratified when one of these Korean potters, under the patronage of the Lord of Satsuma discovered that the fine white clay, the stone for manufacturing glaze, and the ash from the bark of the Nara tree—all to be found on his master's estate—made pottery of unusual beauty. This was the original Satsuma ware.

Other Korean potters had equal success with materials to be found in other provinces, and soon the Japanese ceramic industry was on its way to becoming famous. Dutch traders spread its reputation and, by 1639, when Japan was closed to all but the Dutch, a world market for Japanese wares had become well established.

Various grades of porcelain comprised the bulk of this export, for the Japanese, like the Chinese, were quick to discover that the highly decorated porcelains pleased the Westerner more than the glazed earthenware which "felt" as well as "looked" beautiful to the Oriental collector.

The products of the countless kilns which soon came into existence all over Japan were known by the name of the province in which they were made, or by the name of the feudal lord who had subsidized them.

Satsuma and Imari became the most familiar to Westerners and, as a result, dealers have been prone to class many pieces as "Satsuma" or "Imari" in order to sell them when, in reality, they came from some lesser known but just as skillful pottery-works, such as Hirado or Seto.

Imari took its name from the port from which it was shipped. The factory was located at Arita, eight miles away. Old Imari porcelain is now extremely rare and costly,

IMARI VASE

Old Imari ware is now very expensive and difficult to obtain.

but when the potteries of Arita were young, the story is told of a vendor of medicines who ventured into the village to dispose of his herbs and powders. He saw a pile of pottery stacked outside a house and, not knowing its value, proposed to trade some medicine for a vase or two. The potter told him to take all he could carry!

EARLY Imari pieces were simple, but exquisite in their delicate whiteness, and slight but beautifully proportioned in design. It was the preference of Western buyers for ornately decorated china that developed the brocade style, with its lavish ornamentation, which characterizes more recent Imari.

The Hirado porcelain works were famous for underglaze blue and overglazes of varying shades of brown, black, and blue, with designs depicting small boys and old men.

The most famous potter of the province of Hizen was Kakiemon, who gave his name to a certain type of decoration. His delicate designs of quail and partridge were the models for English and German china painters of a later date. Another potter who refused to slavishly copy Chinese designs was Kenzan. Because his art was more purely Japanese than the others, he was considered one of Japan's greatest craftsmen.

On the porcelains named for their patron, Prince Nabeshima, a thin but bright underglaze blue was characteristic, but on-glaze enamels were also used in green, black, and turquoise, with gold.

The village of Kutani in the province of Kaga was famous for its porcelain clay and produced two wares. One had a brilliant deep green glaze used with yellow, purple, and blue, and the designs were marked on the biscuit in black. The

PRINCE NABESHIMA PORCELAIN

A characteristic of this exquisite ware is a bright blue underglaze.

SATSUMA VASE WITH LANDSCAPE DECORATION

other featured a soft opaque red, peculiar to Kutani, together with applied ornamentation of green, yellow, blue, gold, or silver.

Seto wares were decorated in cobalt blue underglaze, and also overglaze enamels. Enormous quantities of white ware, sometimes of eggshell thinness, were brought from Seto to Tokyo to be decorated in elaborate and colorful designs, heightened with gold.

MUCH of the so-called "Satsuma" is Kioto ware painted in the enameling establishments at Tokyo. The Satsuma faience or stoneware was sparingly colored with much attention being directed to the beautiful ivory-white crackled glaze. Another Satsuma glaze was called "dragon's skin" because of its shriveled look, and was made in brown, iron-rust, or tortoise-shell.

Soon after Commodore Perry's visit to Japan, the demand for Japanese china became so great that it could not be met with wares of the highest quality. Inferior products, designed to look like genuine Satsuma, Arita, and other fine wares, were sent out in large quantities. The reputation of Japanese pottery suffered as a consequence, and, although beautiful pieces were still issuing from the kilns of many potters, some of them descendants of the original Korean artists brought over 350 years ago, the epithet of "cheap" was wrongly attached to all Japanese production.

Noritake china, for years past, has been ranked with the finest commercial porcelains made, far surpassing the modern Canton porcelain of the Chinese. Many other Japanese porcelains marked only "Nippon" are carefully decorated with artistic patterns of chrysanthemums, bamboo, pine, or plum blossoms, and deserve to be cherished by their possessor.

Today, the Japanese Culture Society sponsors the Folk Art Museum in Tokyo, which exhibits and awards prizes to outstanding wares, thus encouraging the hundreds of potters who, in their small backyard kilns, are fashioning bowls and cups of lovely lines and texture, which often find their way into the bags of returning American soldiers.

There is something very appealing about these simple pieces, and, perhaps, the time has at last arrived when many Westerners will also prefer the smooth surfaces and soft curves of undecorated wares.

JAPANESE AWATA BOWL

Note the floral design, both on the inside and the outside of the dish, and the delicately fluted edge.

Photograph by Willard Luce

SEAGULL MONUMENT, TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

More Than the Law

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Here seagulls crowding the plow will scream,
Noisy as breakers and white as spray,
Over the loamy waves that steam
Brown in the sun of a warm March day,
Fragrant with promise where white drifts lay.

It is more than the law—deep in his veins
A man remembers the starving year
Of scanty crops and scantier rains,
A scourge of crickets, and the double fear
As swooping, gorging gulls appear.

His heart still lifts with a great relief—
Incredible white scourge gulping the black—
His heart still swells with his father's grief,
His father's faith in a time of lack,
And the gulls feed undisturbed at his back.

You Can Learn

Part IV

G Is for Grandpa and H Is for Heir

Katherine Kelly

I dropped the handle of the cream separator and burst into the house, breathless and glowing. "Tom, I did it! I did it! I did it all by myself and even poured the two buckets of milk in without stopping the separator and without spilling a drop!"

Tom took his hand away from his eyes and smiled at me. "You're getting good," he said. "If I had known I'd ever get down like this I wouldn't have bought such a large-sized separator for a pint-sized wife. That's too hard for you. Why didn't you call me? I could have stepped out long enough to lift those heavy buckets for you."

"You've stepped out too much as it is. This backset is worse than the influenza was in the first place. If you hadn't been too ambitious and got out so soon you might have been well by now."

"Well, it sure puts the roses in your cheeks. I'm lucky to have such a good-looking wife to wait on me." Tom patted my hands as I lifted the hot pack from the side of his face and examined the angry looking swelling just in front of his ear.

"I'm afraid you chose a wife more ornamental than useful," I answered absently. "This gathering worries me, don't you think we should call the doctor?"

"No, it will be all right. I've had a swelling before. Had one when I was in the army and didn't even tell the sergeant, rather drill than land in the hospital."

"Well, I'll get Mary to come over and take a look at it after while and see what she thinks."

Mary was his sister and he set such store by what she said.

"Anyway I think it would be a good idea to get Mary to stay with you and Ernie while I am gone this afternoon."

"That's all nonsense. I'll be all right. And any time I can't handle my own son, at least while he is this size .... You go ahead and get it over with."

I walked into the kitchen to clear away the breakfast things and caught Ernie, our son and heir, just tipping his mush dish upside down on top of his head with the last of the mush and milk running in rivulets through his hair and down his face.

"Oh, no, no, Ernie! Naughty, naughty!"

Crash went the dish on the floor and Ernie looked at me with big innocent brown eyes, lashes more or less decorated with breakfast cereal.

I lifted him from the high chair and led him over to the wash basin. At the same time I noticed that Tom's breakfast was practically untouched.

"Why Tom, you ate scarcely anything. Weren't you hungry?"

"Oh, it hurts my head to eat. I'm not hungry anyhow. Maybe I'll eat something later."

ERNIE toddled into the bedroom on his little fat legs and I seized the opportunity to slip out the back door. The foam had just about settled on the milk, but I carefully poured off the top anyway, somebody had told me that the foam would kill any animal and I wasn't taking any chances with my lambs. I got a good hold on the big fourteen-quart bucket and slowly eased it down the back steps.

As I reached the outdoors I just had to stop and take a deep breath. The air was so fresh and exhilarating. A meadow lark trilled from the back fence and the last notes seemed to blend with the brightness of new green leaves and the sparkle of the sunlight on the morning dew.

The lambs saw me coming and started from the field on a run. I was plenty proud of those lambs, eighteen of them, and all getting so big and fat. I was raising them on shares for my father. That meant that nine of them would be mine in the fall. He said that they ought to weigh out close to ten dollars apiece. That was going to be right close to a hundred dollars!

I quickened my steps. I had to get the milk in that trough before the lambs got there or they would spill it all over the place. I reached the wire fence and climbed up a step so I could lift the bucket over the fence and pour the milk in the trough on the other side. Just as I lifted the bucket all eighteen of those lambs hit the fence, the bucket flew up in the air, and most of the milk came down on my head. I stood in the puddle of spilled milk, shaking myself and wiping milk from my eyes and hair, while the lambs clamored for their breakfast on the other side of the fence.

Just then I heard my father's cheery voice. "Well, my little girl, looks like you could use some help."

If ever a voice was welcome it was his. There was nobody else in the world like my Dad. Tall and lean he was, and tough as leather from the years of battling wind and weather, his hat habitually turned up in the front from facing the wind and searching the skies for the clouds that would make or break his dry land crops. My Dad! He had just turned fifty a few days after the arrival of Ernie had made him a grandfather.

"Well, Grandpa," I teased, "you were never more welcome. But I'm afraid it's too late. I've spilled all the milk. Those darned lambs . . . ."

"Don't you darn those lambs. Remember half of them are mine. And there is no use crying over spilt milk, so we better fix it so you won't spill any more. Now what you need is a little pen to feed those lambs in and that trough staked down. Get me that shovel from over there while I get these posts and we'll have it fixed in a jiffy."

I was so relieved I could have cried. Dad always knew what to do and nothing was ever hard for him.

HE took the shovel from me and while he dug the post holes I found a loose piece of woven wire out by the pasture fence, although I

couldn't see just how this pen was going to work.

"Now, young lady, we've got to have some sort of a gate. Get me those flat boards over by the woodpile and a few nails and some staples for that wire. Better get the hammer while you are at it."

In no time Dad had built the other three sides of the pen, using the fence for the fourth side. He had a nice little wooden gate with a strong slide fastener on it.

"Now you need that trough fastened down so those roughnecks can't tip it over and you will be all set." As he drove the stakes that fastened the trough securely in place, he was talking steadily. "Now, little girl, when you go to feed those lambs next time you can shut the gate until you get the milk in the trough, then open the gate and let the lambs inside and they can't tip the trough and waste half the milk."

As he talked I surveyed the pen and thought how simple things could be when you knew how to do them. However, I made one reservation. I was going to stand up on the fence while I opened that gate, those lambs were getting big enough to knock me down and go right over the top of me.

"How's that man of yours this morning, is he any better?"

"Not too well. I am really worried about those gatherings in his head."

"And how is Grandpa's young man? He hasn't any gatherings in his head, has he?"

"No, nothing but mischief. He's fine and dandy. I'll bet if he saw you drive up he is really making things hot for his Daddy."

"Well, I am all through here now. We'll go and find out."

Sure enough, Ernie was standing by the window waiting for Grandpa and I had to watch that I did not knock him down when I opened the door. He dodged past me out onto the porch and straight into Grandpa's arms.

Grandpa threw him up in the air a couple of times and called to Tom, "How are you doing, young fellow? If you don't get well fast I'm going to steal this boy of yours. I believe he is pretty much Grandpa's right now."

"Yes, I think he is, too. You play with him so much. Then since you gave him that sheep he is a man of property." Tom was leaning shakily against the bedroom door.

"Every time he sees the ewe he says, 'Mine, mine,' so I have named her Minnie," I explained. "Come to the window and see what I use her for. She is my automatic mower. See, I stake her out with that rope and when she eats the lawn clean and smooth in one place I move her to another. While she is close by the house Ernie loves to watch her."

"Trust you to put her to work. Now, that's Ernie's sheep, and when she multiplies into a whole herd, it will send him to college."

WHEN Grandpa rose to go Ernie had to have a jacket on and go with him out to see "Minnie." Ernie clapped his hands and gurgled, "Mine, mine."

Minnie lifted her eyes from the green lawn grass and chewed on complacently. She stomped one front foot and backed up a little as Ernie ran toward her, but she stood

quietly and let him put his arms around her neck although she still eyed Grandpa suspiciously.

"I got to be going, got work to do today. Let me know if you have any more trouble, and take good care of that old man of yours." Grandpa stepped into his old pickup and was gone in a cloud of dust.

Ernie whimpered as I took him back into the house and I felt sort of forlorn myself. Somehow Grandpa made everything seem so bright.

Tom had lain back down in the darkened bedroom and my anxiety returned as I sat down on the bed beside him. "Do you want that hot water bottle filled again?" I felt so inadequate, if there were just something I could do!

"No, I think maybe I can sleep a little while now if you keep Ernie out of here. I didn't get much sleep last night."

"All right, I'll keep him with me." I closed the door softly and set about the morning chores.

As I piled the dishes and washed the separator, I was worrying about that afternoon. As playleader for the stake Primary we had spent many afternoons practicing, and today was the great occasion, I just couldn't fail the girls now. The whole stake would be out to the May Festival. But I felt I really shouldn't be leaving Tom at all.

He felt better when he woke from his sleep. "You go and get your dancing over with. Any time I can't tend my own son I'll let you know," he said.

The old Chev started off quite willingly, for a change, and I was glad. There just wasn't time to bother with Freckles, my old white horse, today.

We had a big crowd out. It was such a lovely day, and when it was finally over everyone complimented us and was very nice. As soon as it was possible to break away I thanked the girls and hurried home.

As I drove down the lane I could see Tom and Ernie out on the lawn.

"You shouldn't be outside. You'll catch your death of cold," I called anxiously, as I stopped the car.

"We just came out to move Minnie. She was wearing a white half circle on your lawn from walking back and forth trying to reach fresh grass."

"Oh, Tom, I didn't know you cared about the lawn! You must be feeling better to even see it. You do look better!"

"I'll say I feel better. The pain is all gone. You see Ernie is a right good nurse," he said jokingly as we went into the house.

The table was all set, and from the stove came the delicious odors of mutton chops and baked potatoes. I hadn't realized how hungry I was.

"Why, you sweet things, you've cooked supper all ready for Mommy. What nice men folks to have to come home to."

"Well, we thought if we couldn't do anything outside, we could at least have supper ready for you when you came home. It seemed so good to be rid of that pain that I had to do something, and Ernie thought he was a great help."

"Oh, Tom, I'm so glad you are better," I sighed as he put his arm around me and I laid my head on his shoulder, "It seems so good to have a man to lean on."

Volcano Irazu

Jeanne Tenney

HOW would you like to drive in an automobile right up to the very top of a volcano, 12,000 feet high? That is what you can do in Costa Rica, down in Central America. There is a fine paved road all the way from San Jose, the capital city of Costa Rica, to the top of the mountain, Irazu (pronounced Ee-rah-soo). It takes only about an hour, driving leisurely through pretty country, past lovely homes and gardens, which are quite different from those in the United States. Most of them are one-story houses, made in the South American style, with balconies, and fancy edges on the roofs. Some of the country homes are made of adobe, plastered white on the outside, with tile roofs. The gardens are filled with Bougainvillea, hedges of hibiscus, and stands covered with bright purple orchids. Since the altitude here is between 4,000 and 5,000 feet, it is very cool, and many northern flowers grow abundantly, too.

The road takes you past coffee *fincas* (plantations) and through pastures dotted with cattle. As it winds higher and higher, the houses are fewer and farther between, until at last almost no houses are seen at all. Then you notice that the wind has suddenly become cooler, and you close the windows of the car almost shut. You are up in the clouds, and fog surrounds you, but the car slows only a little, for there is almost no traffic on the road, and presently it winds up out of the clouds, and comes out into the bright sunshine again!

At last the driver says this is as far as the car will go, that you have to go the rest of the way on foot, but it is not far, only just over there a little way, to the crater of the volcano!

You get out of the car, and the cold air whips past your ears, but it is a delightful, fresh feeling, and you can look way out over the clouds, to the next mountains, blue in the distance. When the driver asks if you want to walk to the crater and look down into it, you are glad you have on good walking shoes, for the rest of the way is rough and rocky, although a road of sorts has been made. You have just to walk down a little slope and around a ridge, about five minutes walk. You are just a bit nervous, for there is a stream of smoke going up from the crater, and the ground feels warm beneath your feet! You wonder if that is partly caused by the sun beating down on the ground, but you also imagine that it must be largely caused by the heat of the volcano itself!

The crater is shaped like a big bowl, several hundred yards across from rim to rim, and quite steep down inside. In the bottom of the bowl is the actual hole of the real crater, perhaps twenty or thirty feet across, from the depths of which comes the smoke. On the edges of the hole are yellow streaks, which are sulphur stains.

You have been wondering why the driver, who acts as guide, too, carries a pistol in his belt, and in a few moments you see. When you

get quite close to the edge of the huge crater, you smell the gunpowder smell that comes from the volcano, a smell like burned sulphur matches. Then the driver says that the volcano does not like loud noises, and if he shoots the gun, it will show its anger by sending up puffs of smoke! He shoots the gun into the air, to demonstrate, and sure enough, a few seconds after the shot, up come a couple of big puffs of smoke from the hole in the center of the crater!

It is a bit alarming, but the driver says it has been quite a few years since the volcano has done anything more than send up puffs of smoke, and many people come up to see it at any time. But since you know that the city of Cartago, which you went through on your way here from San Jose, has been damaged badly by earthquakes not many years before, you wonder what would happen if the volcano were to erupt suddenly, with you right there on the edge of it!

THE driver says that any loud noise, such as a shout, will make the volcano puff, so you give a shout, and almost jump when the puff of smoke comes; then your companion shouts, and the driver shouts, and so several more puffs come out, one after another. There is an interesting echo with every shout, too. Then the smoke calms down again to a wavering stream going steadily up. The rim of the crater on one side becomes narrower and narrower as you walk along it, and the outside steeper and steeper, till you come to the end where it juts off, and you can look almost straight down the mountain on one side, and straight down into the crater bowl on the other side. Part of the sides of the crater are rough and not so steep,

Courtesy, Jeanne Tenney

VOLCANO IRAZU, COSTA RICA

and you are told that sometimes people climb down there to get to the very edge of the hole and look down it, but it is a little dangerous, for a slip might cause one to fall right toward the crater itself, which is several thousand feet deep! What a terrible thought! Besides that, there are fumes coming up from inside the mountain, along with the smoke, which you can smell right where you are, but which are much stronger near the hole. The driver says he has been down there several times, taking people down to see, and once a man fainted near the edge, overcome by the fumes, and had to be carried out! So, although you would like to go down and look in, you don't dare even think seriously of doing it!

Although the air is cold, the sun feels warm and comfortable. When you turn and look out over the clouds, they seem to cover the earth not very far below you with a gleaming, fluffy carpet of purest white. The shining billows reach from your mountain all the way to the next, and you fancy you could almost step down on to them and walk across to the other mountain! How beautiful it is! You wish you could stay longer here at the top of the mountain, but of course you can't. There is absolutely nothing up here at the top, not even any plants grow here—either the heat or the fumes of the volcano keep all plants from growing, so that there is nothing but bare brown and gray rocks. Nevertheless, you are surprised at how close to the top pasture grass and shrubs do grow, with cattle wandering just a few hundred yards below the rim!

Reluctantly, you turn away to go down the mountain, excited and happy that you have actually seen a volcano puffing up smoke, and with the beautiful scene of clouds and mountaintops to remain still in your mind.

When I Am Old

Hannah C. Ashby

When years roll by and I am old
I shall not weep;
I shall not hold one bitter thought
Of days long gone;
But I shall lift my thoughts above
And still move on.
I would not roll life's curtain back
One single day,
Lest some great purpose might not move
In God's appointed way.
Hope, faith, and trust shall still be mine,
For I shall know
I move but nearer to the life divine
When I am old.

Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

Chapter 3

Synopsis: Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, dependent upon her son Kit, overhears his wife, Annette, complaining of her self-pity. Edith, penniless, cannot live with any of her three other married sons. In desperation, she takes a position as companion to an elderly woman, Mrs. Lewis, whose son Cory is leaving for an extended business trip. The responsibility of an old crippled woman, a large, ugly, badly run house, an unhappy housekeeper, Amanda, combine to convince Edith, who considers herself an ill woman, that she cannot keep the job.

IN the morning Edith awoke to the sound of singing. At first it seemed a part of her dreaming, orchestrated by the great chords of her nightmare, an angel song, high and sweet as the wind from some cosmic force. For a moment, opening her eyes to the strange room, she could not remember her whereabouts, but the singing was very real, still angelic and high and richly pure. Not in opera, not in pictures, nor on the air had Edith ever heard a voice to compare with it.

"It's Linnie! Linnie's home!" Mrs. Lewis was chirping excitedly from the next room. Below, in the living room there was the crash of chords from the piano in the alcove, and a cessation of the song, followed by a rush of footsteps on the stairs. Before Edith could struggle into a robe and slippers, the girl burst into the room, rushed to her grandmother's bed and smothered her with kisses.

"Home! Home!" she said ecstatically. "Where's Dad?"

"He's gone to take care of his stores," her grandmother told her. "He will be gone for a month or six weeks."

Linnie squeezed her eyes tight in disappointment. "My wedding's in June," she said. "I need Daddy."

"It's your own fault, Linnie. You will never let him now exactly when you are coming."

"Because it is too much fun to come home like this!" Linnie stood up. "It's all right, Grammy." It was not until then that she saw Edith.

"Linnie, this is Edith Ashe," quavered Mrs. Lewis, "my new companion. Her husband was Dr. Ashe. He brought you, Linnie."

Linnie's eyes met Edith's. They were frank and wide and grave in her oval face. Edith thought she had never seen such a beautiful girl, such a radiant, warm face. The features were chiseled to loveliness, the line of her brow and jaw sweetly turned. Yet there was a quality, indefinable and vague, that hurt Edith. Perhaps it was the gallant way she held her head, her wistful eagerness.

"That makes us practically relatives," she said, and the smile she gave Edith was the most joyous thing that had happened to Edith in two years. "Aunt Edith."

"Look, Grammy, look!" said Linnie, turning back to the bed. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" She turned her slim hand to show her engagement ring. It

was indeed a beautiful ring, a large diamond, flanked by smaller ones, set in yellow gold.

"Just wait until you see Paul. He is so distinguished and so handsome. The Fontaines are prominent in Boston, but don't think Paul is fusty. Every girl in Boston wanted him—and he wanted me. Think of it!"

"Where did you meet him, child?"

"He heard me sing. It was out from the school and we were giving a benefit. I wasn't the soloist. We were only background for a celebrity, but Paul saw me. He came backstage and asked me to supper. Miss Julien wasn't going to let me go. They are very particular about us. And Paul told her it was all right, I was the girl he was going to marry, and his mother was with him. You should have seen her flutter."

"He was an impetuous young man, I should say," remarked Edith.

"He meant it," said Linnie. "He said it again at supper and has never stopped saying so. His mother was with us and she was horrified. He should have at least asked for my pedigree, she thought. She doesn't think anyone west of Philadelphia has ancestors." Linnie's laughter was infectious. "She is really a dear, though," said Linnie, sobering. "She gave teas for me and introduced me like I was something special. She was very brave about Paul marrying me, and only hinted once that he could have had a De Peyster. She told her friends that I was a great artist, and my father a prominent chain store man. She wouldn't say groceries."

"I don't like the woman," said Grammy vindictively. "I don't like her one bit."

"Oh, now, I've done it," said Linnie contritely. "You will love her when you see her."

"No I won't," said Grammy firmly, "anybody that runs my Cory down!"

THE house was different with Linnie there. Her swift grace and her singing were everywhere in it. She was unbelievably slim, with delicately turned bones, and her fair hair flew back as she raced to answer the telephone and the doorbell, which were constantly ringing, for she seemed to have myriads of friends and she was in love.

There were long distance calls from the young man in Boston, there were letters, air-mail and special delivery, and flowers to brighten the boxlike furniture of the living room and Linnie's own bare room.

Edith had indulged in a little sigh of relief that she was home and could assume the responsibilities of the house, but it was soon evident that Linnie wouldn't. When the sink stopped up Amanda came to Linnie about it, where she was writing one of her voluminous letters at the roll-top horror of a desk.

"Goodness," said Linnie, looking up in wide-eyed consternation. "I wouldn't know the first thing to do. Aunt Edith," she said, for Edith was just passing on the way to the kitchen sink with the luncheon trays. "Amanda says the sink is stopped up. What shall we do?"

"We'll probably have to call the

plumber," said Edith. "But I'll look at it first. Mrs. Lewis is asleep."

After half an hour of dipping, working with detergents and scalding water, and with the use of a plunger, Edith had the sink cleaned and draining swiftly.

"Aunt Edith, you're wonderful," enthused Linnie, who had watched the whole operation with interest, asking questions as if she considered Edith an experienced plumber.

"I'll say," said the relieved Amanda. "A plumber would have charged a fortune to do that, and then might not have come for weeks."

And I should have called a plumber, Edith was thinking angrily to herself; she hadn't done such a menial job for years. Why should she do it now?

"It is wonderful to know how to do things like that," Linnie said, as starry-eyed as if she had just received a dozen roses. "Paul doesn't make as much money as Daddy, and I'll have to learn ways to save it. I'll bet there are many things you could teach me, Aunt Edith—things about, about running a house that I never dreamed of. Will you teach me? I so much need to know."

"Why, surely I will, Linnie," Edith promised, wondering vaguely when any teaching could be sandwiched in between her duties with Mrs. Lewis and Linnie's own harum-scarum schedule, for Linnie was always on the go.

"They always had housekeepers," said Mrs. Lewis when Edith told her about it. "Poor Linnie spent her summers here with them and her winters in boarding school, and she never learned the first thing about keeping house. A mother will put herself out to teach a child, but not a housekeeper. I had my hands full during those years. Cory's father was an invalid for years before he died and then I got this bad leg, and I couldn't give Cory a hand with the child. We lived in San Francisco, and I only saw the little girl on visits."

"It's too bad," sympathized Edith, thinking with genuine concern that Linnie's marriage might easily be jeopardized by ignorance and incompetence in the basic housekeeping principles. "I promised to teach her, but the time is so short, and I don't know just when I could do it."

"If it wasn't for me—a useless old woman—you'd have lots of time."

"It it wasn't for you," said Edith, "I wouldn't be here."

I mustn't think of it, she told herself. It's too bad, but, after all, it isn't my responsibility, and I can't do anything about it now. It is a wonder the child grew up as successfully as she did—not a worry in the world. I don't think I ever saw a happier, more joyous person.

LINNIE was, too. Her lips were always curved to laughter, her eyes always tender with the inner burning of love. Edith was curious about her friends, but somehow they never came there, even though Linnie had been home a whole week.

"That's sweet of you to think of coming," Linnie would say over the telephone. "But don't bother to drive by. I'm on my way to

town. I'll meet you there. We'll have lunch at Cathy's, or go to a show, or some other thing."

She would rise from the telephone and say suddenly, "I'm going out," although she had said previously that she was going to stay home all day, practice her singing, get her clothes in order, or write letters. Restless as a butterfly, Edith thought, just as beautifully gay, and just as irresponsible.

Thursday Edith had her first check, made out in Mrs. Lewis' shaky handwriting, an occurrence she had forgotten entirely in connection with her job. It gave her a wonderful feeling, greater than she had thought possible from a mere thirty-five dollars. She began planning immediately what she would do with it, and remembered only then that she had meant to quit the next day after she came.

What I ought to do is put it in the bank, she told herself, against the time when she should go back to live with Kit and Annette. Oh, Kit had been generous, buying her clothes and filling her needs, but she had felt guilty living off his bounty, and had limited herself to absolute necessities. Now she needed a few personal items before she should bank the rest.

"Mrs. Lewis, can you spare me to go down town while you take your afternoon nap?" she asked next morning.

"Why, surely," Mrs. Lewis replied. "I'll be fine. Take the whole afternoon and evening if you like. Amanda can bring me my supper and help me to bed. Linnie can read to me."

"Oh, I won't need that much time," said Edith. "I only want to go to the bank and do a little shopping."

Nevertheless, she ended by taking that much time. First, in her anxiety to secure Mrs. Lewis against any possible need, she missed her bus and arrived at the bank just after they had closed the doors. Walking aimlessly, wondering what next to do, she passed a shoe store. From the window display her eyes singled out a handsome pair of English walkers. They were of black calf, beautifully turned. Edith couldn't resist trying them on. They fitted her feet as if they had been the last upon which the shoes were made.

"Seventeen-fifty," the clerk told her in answer to her query. Why that was half her check, and of course, out of the question. She shook her head, eying them regretfully. The clerk was examining the end of the box. "No," he said. "They have been marked down to fourteen."

"I'll take them," said Edith, and when she went to pay for them the girl at the desk smiled.

"Stockings to match?" she suggested, running her hand expertly into the leg of a sheer nylon, holding it against her skin for Edith to see.

"Yes," said Edith. "I'll need stockings." She chose a pair that the clerk called Ruby Nectar, and escaped, hugging her purchases. Feeling reckless, and remembering the struggle she had with her hair, she decided to go to a beauty salon for a shampoo. Perhaps the operator could give her some pointers on how to manage it, and it had been

a long time since she had indulged in such an expense.

"Why don't you have it cut?" suggested the operator, a young man with large, surprisingly deft hands. "No wonder you can't handle it. We could make you a coronet with what we cut off, perhaps a cluster of curls. Hair style possibilities, suitable for every occasion, are endless." He brought out pictures, showed Edith her profile and back view, catching her hair up this way and that, crystallizing her indecision. "It so happens I have a cancellation and could give you a permanent."

IN the end he had his way, and four hours later Edith emerged from the salon with fifteen dollars less and her hair smartly clipped, waved, and coiffured. It seemed anticlimax to go home now, feeling so chic. Half a block up a theatre marquee blazoned the title of a picture she had long wanted to see, along with the information, "last times today."

Edith's self-indulgence met no resistance and she paid for her ticket before calling the Lewis home.

"Amanda, I'm having a spree," she said. "I'm going to a show. Mrs. Lewis said that you could help her to bed and Linnie could read to her."

"I've already give her her supper," said Amanda. "Sure, you go on and go to a show, now. You need it, and I'll be glad to pay you back for helping me with the sink."

"No pay necessary for that, but I'll get dinner for you on Sunday."

"Oh! Would you true?" Amanda cried, pleased. "I wanted awful bad to go to the country to see my daughter. It's her birthday Sunday, but I couldn't see how I'd get away. Mr. Lewis promised I'd have my Sundays off, but I haven't had them."

"You shall, from now on," promised Edith magnanimously.

Never, in a long time, had Edith had such a day of abandoned freedom. Spending her own money had done something definite to her. Something good, she decided. She had pinched and held her emotions until her soul felt small and warped. Now she would not chide herself for unplanned spending. She loved the shoes, and thrilled whenever she thought of them. A suit would come next, and a hat. The praise of the operator about her hair was pleasant to her yet.

"You look twenty years younger, Mrs. Ashe. If you won't take offense, I would say that you are a woman with glamor and no age."

"Glamor indeed," scoffed Edith. Of course, they were paid to flatter the customers, but they didn't have to sound sincere, and the mirror bore him out. She still felt exhilarated when she went up the Lewis walk at ten-thirty.

"Why, Aunt Edith, you've had your hair cut—and you are beautiful, simply stunning." Linnie had been playing the piano in accompaniment to her singing, love songs of tenderness and passion.

"If your sweetheart could have heard you, my dear," Edith parried, "he would have listed himself among the world's greatest beloved."

(*Continued on page 213*)

Gifts From the Mormon Handicraft Shop

Josie B. Bay

Member, General Board of Relief Society

Beautiful and creative handwork has ever been a tradition among Latter-day Saint women. Nowhere can there be found an array of more unique, original, and useful articles than those displayed for sale at the Mormon Handicraft Shop, produced by the skillful hands of Church members.

Among the most attractive gifts are tea aprons, so satisfactory for sharing or wearing; lovely, dainty ones for serving, and the colorful coverall type for practical wear.

Children's clothes, including suits for boys, and girls' dresses that are extremely neat and dainty, are appropriate for the approaching spring. Dotted swiss in lovely colors, sheer imported organdy or washable, crisp cottons, are available in a variety of sizes.

There is something very engaging about the colorful figures of rag dolls for sale at the shop. Their softness makes them ideal toys for very young children.

Lovely ceramic figurines make an artistic and decorative display, each bit of work alive with its own personality. These figurines are made from materials rich in quality and warm in color, molded and tinted by the hands of our own Latter-day Saint women.

Pretty and simply designed hooked and braided rugs are produced by imaginative and energetic women, and the shop has a wide variety of colors and patterns.

Relief Society women are urged to buy gifts from the Mormon Handicraft Shop. Articles for your own home and beautiful gifts for all occasions may be obtained there.

A Place For Three

Ezra J. Poulsen

THOUGH Jamie Ryan knew he'd acquired a wife worth her weight in gold when he married Daisy Marsh, the little red-headed girl he'd met at the ward reunion, he didn't realize how wonderful she was. It takes time to learn the true worth of a woman.

Even when she told him they were going to have a baby, he failed to see the extent of her resourcefulness, for he went to his classes at the law school that day with a faraway look in his eyes, and his mind so muddled with worry he scarcely heard the lectures. Trying to live on his G.I. pay in their stuffy attic apartment was a sort of sleight of hand performance within itself, just for him and Daisy. But with a baby coming—well—that was something requiring action.

It followed, therefore, that he went secretly downtown and secured a job for the afternoons in a hardware store. The act was perfectly in keeping with his belief that the man is the natural head of the household, and the protector of the weaker sex. A woman going to have a baby had to be cherished and taken care of, and kept in a pleasant state of mind. Daisy wouldn't approve, so he didn't intend to tell her about the new arrangement. She was very insistent on his putting all his time on his studies. That evening, however, he spent the last of his pocket money for a bouquet of carnations which he took home to her.

"Oh, darling," cried Daisy, after staring at him and the flowers in blank amazement, "oh, they're beautiful! But—but—you shouldn't. You can't afford . . . ." She got no further. The only way she could express her feelings was to throw herself into his arms and half smother him with kisses.

Jamie's heart beat wildly as he held her. The extra effort required to take a job in addition to carrying on his exacting legal studies seemed to vanish into nothing. He felt very noble and heroic. "Sweetheart," he murmured, "it's a pleasure. I wish I could have done more. But I will as time goes on."

Then, impulsively, as if to demonstrate his power as a man, he picked her up bodily, and carried her across the room, depositing her gently on the sofa. "Honey," he said, kneeling beside her, "I'll take the best care of you. In fact, I won't let you do a thing. You must rest and take care of yourself until the baby comes."

Daisy, with her loose red hair falling around her head on the pillow, was ravishing. Her eyes, which Jamie had always thought were some kind of mixture of amber and fire, seemed unusually bright. And her upturned lips, parted half in expectancy, and half in sheer amazement, were moist. "Jamie, of course I'll take care of myself. You're a perfect dear. The flowers are gorgeous. Now, let me get up and fix your supper. You must be starved."

"Oh, no, you stay here. I'll get supper."

He was really in earnest. But Daisy arose, put on her apron, and began bustling about in a most housewifely manner. She could laugh that one off as one of Jamie's sweet gestures, not to be taken literally. "Now, darling, you get to work on those law books."

Seeking his usual corner by the table in the tiny living room, he laid out his books in the order of their importance, and began to study. Jamie was a methodical person. First, there was the volume on contracts, next came torts, and finally evidence. Each had to have its share of sweat, he'd often said laughingly. And now, term exams were less than a week away. But he found it very hard to concentrate, though he sat on a small chair, and let his chest tilt forward aggressively. His mind seemed to be in a whirl of emotional disturbances, involving hardware and the uncertainty of coming events.

FOR a week Jamie came home every evening with his law books under his arm, after a hard half day in the very unlegal atmosphere of the hardware store. Daisy didn't seem to suspect any change in his program, a fact for which he was thankful. But, in spite of his best efforts at studying, which kept him up until well after midnight, he felt himself slipping. He began to be haunted by fear, and this made it more difficult to concentrate.

In the exams, he fell down badly. In fact, he knew without being told, he'd failed in contracts. On top of it all, Daisy seemed completely indifferent with regard to her condition. Several times, when he came home, she seemed to have been in the house herself only long enough to get her coat and hat off. Then, she'd pitch right in getting supper, protesting when he tried awkwardly to help her.

"You know, Jamie, we're getting along nicely on your G.I. pay this month. I'm going to be able to manage until next week when your check comes."

"You're wonderful," he complimented. His mouth was so dry he felt as if he'd choke. He'd made up his mind to quit school, and had arranged at the store to begin work full time. In fact, he'd missed all his classes for three whole days. Perhaps, here was the time to begin to tell her. "Don't worry about the extra cost of the baby. I'm working something out to take care of that." He kept his serious face buried in the book on contracts, though he could scarcely tell one word from another.

"Oh, yes." Daisy tossed her head back lightly. "We'll manage all right." She looked at him suspiciously, then, with a queer little smile, turned away.

He celebrated his first pay check by buying more flowers, and getting a nice cake from the bakery. Her soul seemed to shine in her eyes as she took the flowers. "Oh—oh—Jamie." Tears began to glisten in her eyes.

The telephone rang. She turned to answer it. "The Dean's office," she said quietly, handing him the receiver.

His hand trembled as he took it, then, listening, his face turned

white. "Yes sir, I—I—feel it's the only way." The voice at the other end spoke at some length. "Yes, yes sir, I'll call and see you. I promise." He hung up.

When he turned to Daisy again, he found her regarding him with deep yearning, and the light in her eyes made it clear she understood everything. The corners of her firm little mouth twisted several times as if she was about to speak. Finally, she rushed into his arms. "Jamie, you crazy, wonderful idiot," she sobbed. "Didn't you know you didn't have to do that?"

"Daisy," he said sternly, holding her at arm's length, "I want you to understand I'm head of this household. I did what I knew was best for you and the baby. Understand?" He felt like shaking her but, in deference to her condition, he refrained.

Daisy listened meekly. Then, suddenly she recovered her own poise, and going over to her purse lying on the table, she pulled out a check and showed it to him. He looked at it and gasped. It was twice as big as his own. "You see, I'm working for the poultry association over at the egg candling plant," she explained, "and, darling, I'm good at it. I worked at the job three years back home before I married."

He started to scold her, but she kept on talking. "I'll have a sock full of money months before junior gets here. And—and—I'm enjoying the work immensely. I never felt better in my life. But, honey, where do you think we'll be in ten years from now if you quit school? Don't you realize I've, we've got a stake in your future?"

Jamie felt his shoulders sag painfully, but he was staring at her with a new and wonderful light in his eyes. Slowly, he drew himself up with determination. "Darling, I'll be the best lawyer you ever saw," he declared. Then, turning to the phone, he dialed the Dean's number.

The Valley Train

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The valley train comes nosing down
The slight incline along the lake;
With boisterous mien it enters town,
An echoed whistle in its wake.
Then thundering on with smoky mane
Curling in the lonely breeze,
A black streak in the fields of grain,
It tracks the running miles with ease.

For those whose destiny is home,
The light of day would come in vain
Without the dreams that shine like chrome,
Wild, enchanting dreams that come by train.

The Place of Music in the Lives of the Women of the Church

Melissa Glade Behunin

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads (D. & C. 25:12).

SINCE singing is pleasing to our Heavenly Father, a prayer unto him that should come from our hearts, surely we as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints should learn to sing in harmony with his spirit and with more perfect understanding.

Music is an expression of feeling and emotion. It is one of the most ancient of fine arts and one of the avenues by which we reach back to our Father in heaven. From the beginning of time people with musical talents and abilities have been raised up and have unselfishly given of their time and talents to the blessing of people on the earth.

We learn from Genesis that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." The children of Israel sang as they came out of bondage. Psalms were sung and composed by David.

Singing has its place in the joyous festive occasions, the solemn sacred service, and in the hours of sorrow.

Matthew tells us that after the feast of the passover when Christ introduced the sacrament, before they went, in the spirit of sadness, from the supper table, from whence Christ knew he was going to his betrayal and death, they sang a hymn (Matt. 26:30).

From the re-establishment of our Church music has played a great part. It has opened the way for the spirit of our Heavenly Father to enter into the hearts of the saints and it has helped to instill a testimony, to strengthen the testimony, and thus make more sure and perfect the contact with heaven.

So important was singing in the lives of the early Latter-day Saints that the Prophet's wife Emma Smith was called to the work of making a selection of the songs of Zion. From the Doctrine and Covenants (128:22) we have a reference to singing in this way: "Let your heart rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing." And again, "Praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving" (136:28).

The song "The Spirit of God Like a Fire" had a humble, inconspicuous beginning. It was written by Brother William Wines Phelps, one of the most gifted and prolific hymn writers of our early Church period. Though it was sung before the completion of the Kirtland Temple, it was not until that time that its full spiritual and emotional power was felt. During the dedicatory service, March 27, 1836, Elder Sidney Rigdon referred to the sacrifices that had been made by those who had labored on the building

and wet the walls with their tears, while praying to God to stay the hands of the ruthless spoilers. In the repeating of the inspired dedicatory prayer, which is section 109 of the Doctrine and Covenants, appears these verses:

> O Lord God Almighty, hear us in these our petitions . . . and accept the dedication of this house unto thee, the work of our hands, which we have built unto thy name (D. & C. 109:77-78).

After the prayer singers, stationed in the four corners of the building, together with the assembly, sang "The Spirit of God Like a Fire" with such emotional fervor as never to be forgotten.

These events paralleled to some extent the description given of the dedication of Solomon's temple, which says:

> . . . . as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of musick, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord. . . . for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God (II Chron. 5:13-14).

Music was early associated with the educational activities of the Latter-day Saints, and the first municipal university of America was founded by the Church in Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1841, with music a part of the curriculum. In those last agonizing hours of the Prophet Joseph Smith's life, the song "A Poor, Wayfaring Man of Grief" was sung for him.

When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their table service, jewelry, and other valuables, they had no thought of giving up their favorite band instruments. A brass band led the pilgrims into the West. Always in the lead, it cheered the hearts of the marchers. At night smaller groups played music around the campfires. Colonel Kane in 1851 wrote that even though he knew the saints' peculiar fondness for music, he was astonished at the high type of men in their band and the fine rendition of their music. He also said that the membership of the orchestra had been converted as a body and took up their trumpets, trombones, and drums, and followed the missionary to America.

The circumstances under which "Come, Come, Ye Saints" was written, are poignant and reflect the spirit of the great migration. President Young, feeling great anxiety because many of the saints were ill and discouraged, called Brother William Clayton aside and said, "Brother Clayton, I want you to write a hymn that the people can sing at their campfires in the evening—something that will give them succor and support and help them to fight the many troubles and trials of the journey."

Elder Clayton withdrew from the camp and in two hours returned with the hymn "Come, Come, Ye Saints." His personal testimony is to the effect that it was written under the favor and inspiration of the Lord.

You recall the story told by President Grant on the influence of music on the angered men. Two

brethren had seen life in Nauvoo together; they knew the hardships of the westward trek, the struggle of our early community life, and they had established themselves in business. Then they had misunderstandings in their business dealings and agreed that no one less than the President of the Church could settle their dispute. Both agreed, however, to abide by the decision made by President John Taylor.

The appointment with President Taylor was kept, but before they presented their problem he asked permission to sing a hymn. He then said he had never heard one of our hymns but that he wanted another and so he asked permission to sing the second. He then said he had always understood there was luck in odd numbers and asked permission to sing the third. After singing the third song, he said, "Now, brethren, I do not want to wear you out, but if you will forgive me, and listen to one more hymn, I promise to stop singing and will hear your case."

When this song was finished the brethren were shedding tears, their difficulty had melted away. The spirit of the Lord had entered their hearts; they shook hands with each other and apologized for taking President's Taylor's time.

It is with joy that we recall the accomplishments of Brother Evan Stephens. Though he came of humble people and knew lowly occupations as a boy, he became one of the great inspired song writers of our Church. While directing the Tabernacle Choir at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, President Woodruff said, "A shepherd boy has come down from the mountains and is here to contest in this great competition." His choir won the second prize of $1000 and he received a gold medal.

As in a great choir, in the band, the orchestra, or the beautiful tapestry, each individual part is important to the entire whole. So, in the plan of our Heavenly Father, each one of us has a distinct part to play in his divine harmony.

On Borrowed Wings

Ora Lee Parthesius

The river's green-gold curved far below
Grandpa's white house in a satin bow,
And, looking down, I could not decide
How the bow, if ever, came untied.
But Grandpa slung cable, wrist-thick, orange-red,
On a sycamore limb far above my head
And whittled a cedar slab, woody-sweet,
Into the sturdiness of a seat
Where a lad could travel on borrowed wings
To see the how of puzzling things . . .
And sure enough, from the tip of space,
Between banks edged with willow lace,
I saw the ribbon of river run
Straight as a line toward the sinking sun.

A Letter From Mother

My dear Children:

Greetings and love to you, my dear ones.

Thank you for your very serious letter just received, telling me about the unhappiness of this little family next door to you, soon after the birth of their first child, it ness of this little family next door to you, soon after the birth of their first child. It see it. Sometimes young husbands are crowded off into a corner when the first baby comes. Suppose that could be the trouble?

Young mothers often do not know that good fathers are not born. They are made, in the true sense of what is expected of fathers in our modern society. It is hardly reasonable to assume that a husband knows how to be the thoughtful, considerate, and wise father you wish him to be, the first day his baby is brought home from the hospital. No, indeed. He has it all to learn.

He must learn how tender and kind he can be to this little child of his flesh, how indulgent to his crying demands. How solicitious he must be toward his sweetheart-wife who has so willingly paid the price of motherhood. Oh, no. It would take a superman to know all that without experience. He must also learn the joy of ownership—*his baby!* And the pride of possession. The satisfaction of seeing the love light in his baby's eyes. And the warmth of the love that surges through him when he cuddles this little gift from heaven and realizes, in imagination, the joy of future companionship when a more adult stage of development occurs. He must be given time to know how to be a father—a good father.

With a new mother it is quite different. She has loved and nourished her child for months ahead of his birth, and she has known a pre-birth love that is so fascinating and anticipatory as to make her over impatient to hold this little one in her arms. All this love is awaiting but the birth trial in order to have fulfillment. Besides, as a child, she mothered her dolls, also her younger brothers and sisters, probably. That gives her a big headstart over the father in experiencing parental affection.

Any young husband and father is likely to sit on the side lines, never quite able to pay the entrance fee. But if he is lovingly invited in, he will soon assume his new responsibilities. All too often, however, his wife does not understand his natural reticence and takes it for indifference, thereby suffering a keen disappointment.

If she could watch his eyes resting upon her in this new and lovely role of motherhood, she would hold out her arms to him. Such love as he now has for her she has never had before. There is adoration in it, and new, fresh yearning for her sympathy and love. She would do well to cultivate it and wait patiently for the father love that will naturally follow.

If these young people understood these things, I am sure they could get together in love and unity and share the glow and the glory of this great experience which can bring them closer together than ever before.

Love does it, my dears, that never failing, elusive gift and blessing we store in our hearts. Please be sure to let me know more about these neighbors of yours. Call on them often, why not? Maybe you can help.

With dearest love to you all,

Mother
Clara Horne Park

For That Rainy Day

Gertrude LeWarne Parker

CHOOSE a well-lighted corner of any room—the kitchen is ideal, if convenient. Fasten a piece of plain oilcloth, or, for economy's sake, plain wrapping paper to the wall with thumb tacks, being careful to have it within reach of the shortest little arms.

Provide a low table, if possible, and for each child a chair, blunt scissors, and a ten-cent paint brush. Magazines, seed and flower catalogues, mail-order catalogues, fashion books, or any available pictures and prints complete the equipment.

Make a bowl of common laundry starch, boiling it until quite thick. Cool it, and you have a clean, transparent paste which has the great advantage of not making little hands sticky. The pictures can be dipped in the starch or the paste put on with the brush.

The children can now begin decorating the wall by pasting the cut-out pictures on the oilcloth or wrapping paper. First a house and a garden, then a vegetable garden, thereby promoting interest in the necessary vitamins. Families of dolls, animals, fashions, old and new, playgrounds, swimming pools and beaches. All these may be found in magazines and catalogues. The possibilities are endless, developing the child's ingenuity and creating an appreciation of color and harmony.

For a change of scenery, wash the oil-cloth or put up another piece of paper. The walls are again ready for other inventions and new flights of fancy.

Such a corner will be a continual delight to your children and an answer to the question oft repeated, "Mother, what can we do?"

The Desert Is a Lady

LaVerne J. Stallings

Upon her sands at midday,
Resenting beauty's plea,
The desert lies in a heavy trance
Dreaming silently.

But when the dusk winds gently blow,
Taking beauty's hand,
She flings away her sultry mood
To wander down the land!

Swirling crimson robes about her,
Shaking golden hair,
The lady looks to the mirrored sky,
Knowing she is fair.

Then, reaching for a sunset candle,
Tantalant and bright,
She slips along the cool white dunes
To a rendezvous with night!

Suggestions to Contributors

1. EDITORIAL POLICY

a. All manuscripts must be in harmony with Latter-day Saint ideals.

b. We reserve the right to edit all accepted manuscripts according to the needs of the *Magazine*. Where the changes are slight, the contributor will not be contacted regarding them. However, where more important changes may be necessary, the author will be contacted whenever this is possible.

c. We do not solicit reprints and we publish material of this type only by special arrangements. Therefore, do not send us material of any kind which has been published or is in the hands of a publisher.

d. Payments are made on publication and no promises can be made as to when accepted manuscripts will be published. If an author wishes to have a manuscript, which has been accepted and is being held for publication, returned, he may request this to be done.

e. Seasonal material should reach us four to six months prior to publication date.

f. We do not offer detailed criticism of rejected manuscripts.

2. PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPTS

a. Manuscripts should be typed (double-spaced) on one side only of regulation 8½"x11" paper. Authors are asked to retain carbon copies of all manuscripts submitted to *The Relief Society Magazine*.

b. For submitting manuscripts it is convenient for authors to use envelopes of two sizes, the larger envelope for the outgoing manuscript and the smaller envelope, bearing the writer's name and address, for return in case the manuscript is not accepted. Stamped envelopes, designated as No. 8 and No. 9, and which may be purchased at post offices, are suitable for poems and short manuscripts. For stories and longer articles 6"x9" and 6½"x9½" envelopes may be used.

c. Adequate postage should be provided for both outgoing and return envelopes. Manuscripts, which must always be sent first class, require (for the United States, Canada, and Mexico) three cents for each ounce or fraction thereof.

d. Correct spelling, paragraphing, and punctuation are definite aids in the acceptance of a manuscript.

e. All factual material should be carefully checked for accuracy and references should be given.

3. CURRENT NEEDS

a. Stories, preferably short stories between 1500 and 3,000 words. Serials of eight to ten chapters of about 2,000 words each. For serials, submit at first only chapters one and two and an outline of the remainder. Two-part, three-part, and four-part stories are also solicited, each part to be about 2,000 words in length.

b. Articles, from 500 to 1500 words. Material should follow a definite outline with an interesting beginning and a logical sequence.

c. Poetry, of definite pattern in stanza, form, and meter. Since many of our poems are used as fillers, we can more readily accept short poems (4-12 lines) than longer contributions. The use of archaic words, inversions, and contractions should be avoided. Poems of excellent quality and seasonal appeal for use as frontispieces are particularly needed at this time. These should run from 14 to 30 lines.

d. Photographs, glossy black and white, size 8"x10", suitable for cover or frontispiece.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

BAZAARS, CONVENTIONS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Lenora K. Bringhurst

SWISS-AUSTRIAN MISSION, FRANKENBURG (AUSTRIA) BRANCH BAZAAR

Left to right: Hilda Dittrich; First Counselor Maria Dittrich; President Juliane Brueckl; Grete Dittrich.

Sister Lenora K. Bringhurst, President, Swiss-Austrian Mission Relief Society, sends an interesting report regarding Relief Society activities in her mission: "Bazaars have been held in all branches of our mission and a marvelous spirit of co-operation, unity, and love has prevailed throughout. Many hours of knitting and sewing have been put in by each sister to make the bazaars a success, but of all the bazaars that were held, there was one that was outstanding in achievement and that is the Frankenburg Branch in Austria. These four women are very proud of their work which went into preparing this lovely bazaar, and the house slippers, which you see in the photograph, were professionally made by one of the sisters. One could never expect to buy finer slippers in a large shoe store . . . . Although this society consists only of the president and a mother and her two daughters, the spirit of the work is with them and the Lord is blessing their efforts."

Photograph submitted by Alice Voyles

SOUTH CAROLINA STAKE SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED AT RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, October 22, 1949

Front row, fourth from left, Breta McBride, chorister; fifth from left, Alice Voyles, President, South Carolina Stake Relief Society; sixth from left, Nellie Bolick, pianist.

Photograph submitted by Erma Roskelley

SACRAMENTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ROSEVILLE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Mary Call; Nellie Boller; Clara Vanderhoof; Effie Bowman; Lillian Goddard.

Back row, left to right: Erma Roskelley, former President, Sacramento Stake Relief Society; Kate Gibby; Elizabeth Smith; Emma Sorenson; Myrl Johnson, President, Roseville Ward Relief Society; Ethyl Boice.

These women have served as presidents since 1923, when the missionaries first came to Roseville.

Sister Roskelley reports: "In the last four union meetings held in the spring our stake invited guests to give instructions to the Relief Society leadership of the wards. We had an interior decorator to give points to homemakers, an expert from a charm school to give good advice on poise, good manners, etc.; in March we had a milliner come in and talk about hats and the most flattering types for each type of woman; in April we invited an expert on materials to talk on the care of clothes and what types of materials are best for various costumes. These talks were accepted with enthusiasm by our ward officers."

Lesslie Stubbs is the newly appointed president of Sacramento Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Barbara Funk

PASADENA STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ROSEMEAD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 5, 1949

Only part of the many excellent displays is represented in this photograph. A lovely crocheted tablecloth, several beautifully designed quilts, a number of well-made blouses, many household decorative articles, and many hand-embroidered pillow cases, and other articles were displayed. In this photograph, note the children's clothing and the many attractive aprons.

Sister Madge P. Fowler, President, Pasadena Stake Relief Society, reports the outstanding accomplishments of this ward: "Rosemead is our smallest ward and their bazaar was very lovely and a big success." Emmadean Lines is president of the Rosemead Ward Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Jean D. Wright

SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION, MOWBRAY, SEAPOINT, AND PINELANDS RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 5, 1949

Front row, seated at the left, Hilda Dyason, President, Mowbray Branch Relief Society; third from left, Theodora Cherrett, President, Pinelands Branch Relief Society; fifth from left, Agnes Hubert, President, Seapoint Branch Relief Society.

Second row, seated third from left, Jean D. Wright, President, South African Mission Relief Society.

Standing at booth, third from left, May Rayner, chairman of the sewing displays.

Sister Wright reports the following from her mission: "Five of our branches held very successful bazaars in November. Other branches had successful food and

rummage sales earlier in the year. In addition to the stall, pictured above, this bazaar consisted of cake and candy stalls, fresh produce, toys (mostly old toys made over), Christmas cards, and a 'white elephant' booth. Light refreshments, lunches, and suppers were served. The bazaar was very successful financially and most of the funds secured will be used for equipping the new Relief Society kitchen which is now under construction at the mission headquarters in Cape Town."

Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, ONEIDA (WISCONSIN), BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS AT WORK CANNING APPLE SAUCE

In circle, at front, left to right: Arylss Schliewie; Vivian Schliewie; Velore Millhieser; Cora Dovstator; Sarah King; Elsie Webster; LaVern House; Ella Henderson.

Standing at back, left to right: Elder Norman L. Howell; Margaret Powless; Celinda Webster; Bertha King.

Sister Elna P. Haymond, former president, Northern States Mission Relief Society, reports on the activities of the Indian women in Oneida Branch: "They are now organized into a Relief Society with Mrs. Lincoln Neider as president. Mrs. Nieder is the only white woman member of the Church in the branch. At Christmas time (1949) two of the Indian women from this group came to Chicago and were baptized. During the past harvest season, these Relief Society women canned the following products: 400 quarts of beans, 1,000 pints of corn, 36 quarts of tomatoes, 50 quarts of apple sauce.

"These women are happy and they are anxious to work. They sing the songs of Zion as members of long-standing do and are very anxious to learn more. The work among the Indians has brought great joy and satisfaction. There is much to be done, but the Indians are grasping the truth very readily."

Since this information was received at the general office the Northern States Mission has been divided, creating a new unit, the Great Lakes Mission. New mission Relief Society presidents have been appointed in both missions, Ella C. Burton in the Great Lakes Mission, and Lucy T. Anderson in the Northern States.

Photograph submitted by Norma Nock

WEISER STAKE, CASCADE (IDAHO), BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED AT THEIR CHRISTMAS PARTY, December 19, 1949

Front row, left to right: President Mary Engle; First Counselor Gertrude Stevens; Secretary-Treasurer Norma Nock; Second Counselor Irene Stiburek.

Naomi Chandler is president of Weiser Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zelma Miller

MESA STAKE (ARIZONA), RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD MAKES FIRST VISIT TO HAYDEN BRANCH BY PLANE

Front row, left to right: Irene Duke; Louis S. Ison; Mary M. Davis; Zelma Miller, President, Mesa Stake Relief Society; Ruth T. Lamoreaux; Edna S. Hooks.

Back row, left to right: Mary Sorenson; Nellie Miller; Second Counselor Ellare Reber; First Counselor Evalyn B. White; Secretary-Treasurer Fern B. Yerby; Lula Allen; Dave Lamoreaux, owner and pilot of the plane.

President Zelma Miller reports an unusually interesting visit: "Mesa Stake has

acquired two new branches (Ray and Hayden) situated in the mountains, necessitating several hours driving for stake Relief Society officers. Brother Dave Lamoreaux, whose wife is stake theology leader, furnished his plane to take stake board representatives to Hayden, which was the first time in the history of their branch that they had had visitors to a Relief Society meeting. Brother Lamoreaux also piloted a group to Hayden to visit the first Relief Society conference ever held in that branch. This picture was taken on December 14, 1949, at the airport, when the stake board was assembled at the home of Sister Lamoreaux for their December board meeting and a Christmas social."

Photograph submitted by Ruth Burgess

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, REDDING BRANCH BAZAAR
November 28, 1949

Ruth Burgess, President, Redding Branch Relief Society, is pictured with some of the displays of this unusually successful bazaar.

Sister Burgess reports on the bazaar as follows: "The old proverb, 'In unity is strength' was certainly proved in our recent bazaar. A feature which was a summer project and which proved very successful, was that of making stuffed toys, dolls, and doll clothes. They sold very readily for Christmas presents, along with fancy aprons, pillow cases, baby clothes, luncheon sets, and various household articles. In the busy kitchen, Mexican tacos, enchiladas, and chili were prepared and served, also nuts, candy, seasonal pie, and many delicious cakes. About 160 people attended the bazaar. The outstanding success of this event can be attributed to the fine co-operation and industry of the Relief Society members."

The officers of this society, in addition to Sister Burgess, are: First Counselor Lillian Petersen; Second Counselor Thelma Patterson; Secretary-Treasurer Margie Mortimer.

Amelia P. Gardner is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lisadore B. Crookston

TAYLOR STAKE (CANADA), RAYMOND SECOND WARD SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR ANNIVERSARY DAY PROGRAM, March 1949

Gladys Gough, the chorister, is seated at the piano, in front, and the pianist, Dora Oler, is seated just back of Sister Gough.

Lisadore B. Crookston is president of Taylor Stake Relief Society.

Due to an error, the above photograph was printed in the February *Magazine*, with a caption which referred to a photograph of the Raymond Third Ward.

Photograph submitted by Marijane Morris

NORTH BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH), CORINNE WARD, FOUR RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL

Left to right: Former presidents Leona Cheal and Sarah Young; present president, Alice Norman; former president Hulda Campbell.

These presidents were honored at a recent social and presented with corsages as a token of appreciation for their years of service to Relief Society.

The occasion was also a time for reviewing the history of the Corinne Relief Society. The first president, Mary A. Dunn (deceased), was set apart thirty-five years ago. Previously the women of Corinne had met with the Relief Society women of Bear River City. The Corinne women, since their organization, have worked together with a spirit of joy and service, making hundreds of quilts, renovating clothing, and doing many types of exquisite and useful handwork. They have interested themselves also in the education and religious program of the society and have presented the lessons in an efficient and inspirational manner. The minutes of the society reveal that on May 20, 1915, Emmeline B. Wells and Sarah J. Cannon visited the Corinne society, arriving in the morning. They were presented with many beautiful bouquets of flowers and were entertained at a noon "dinner."

Lucille L. Wight is president of North Box Elder Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

CENTAL STATES MISSION, ANADARKO (OKLAHOMA), RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT THEIR BAZAAR, December 16, 1949

Front row, seated, left to right: Second Counselor Esther Parker; President Ethelynde Roberson; Patsy Tustison; Martha Ellis; Rose Hunt.

Back row, standing, left to right: Myrtle Holder; Clara Hinkle; Martha Loco; Elder William Payne; Clara Traywick; Essie Shocky.

Martha W. Brown, President, Central States Mission Relief Society, reports that this bazaar was most successful: "The women did all the work themselves. This Relief Society was organized in April, 1949, and now has sixteen members."

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New Face

Leone E. McCune

March is such a dirty child,
He's played out endlessly;
He won't come in to wash himself,
He wants to wait and see
If the miracle of last year,
Can happen to him still;
He'll wait and watch for April
To come across the hill.

Goodbye

Helen S. Hughes

How loath I was to say goodbye
To those I loved, until I knew
The word goodbye came from a term
Used long ago, *God be with you.*

And now to you I say goodbye;
I wish you joy, good fortune, too;
Until again we meet, you will
Not be alone—God goes with you.

Dark in the Chrysalis

(Continued from page 193)

"He is," said Linnie simply. "But don't turn the subject. What have they done to you? You look as young almost as I do."

"Nonsense," said Edith modestly. "I am old enough to be your mother."

Linnie's expression crumbled. For a moment Edith thought she was going to cry, but was mistaken. Linnie laughed, heartily, joyously and long.

Edith went to sleep hearing that laughter, vaguely troubled by it. She awoke, perhaps some hours later to quite another sound. Across the hall, definitely from Linnie's room, came the sound of awful, tearing sobs.

(To be continued)

This I Know

Arvilla Bennett Ashby

I don't know much about this world
One way or another;
For instance, how the stars are made,
Or how the storm clouds gather;

Or how the sun gives off its heat,
Or how the moon its light;
Or where the swallows wend their way
When winter casts its blight;

Or what the morrow has for me,
Or why I strive with strife.
But this I know with all my heart
I'm quite in love with life.

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Love Is Music

Margaret B. Shomaker

Love is music with enduring wear;
Beyond the years it glows, a light
Amid the shadows of the soul;
A beacon through the lonely night.

Silent Wings

Gene Romolo

Time, passing, wafts its way on wings,
On silent wings and fleet,
And varying events it brings
Speed or retard our feet.

Though we would halt the wings of time,
Some joyous hour to hold,
We cannot; there is not a clime
Where wings of time may fold.

An Afternoon With Molly

(*Continued from page 165*)

"And you didn't forget the resolution you made in your heart, Mollie, with the first visit?" Julia asked eagerly.

"No," Mollie answered, "you don't forget how good life is—when you make a practice of visiting shut-ins."

"I'm already seeing things in a different light," Julia said softly, "and somehow, of a sudden, I seem to know things have a way of happening for the best. That trip to Florida won't even be missed, because," just for a minute the speaker paused, then a broad smile wreathed her face, "I've just decided John's mother is coming to live with us."

* * * *

Four years of worthwhile living have slipped by since Julia Dutton made her first visit to the shut-ins, and today she has endeared herself to many invalids in the city that shelters her; and the light that glows in her beautiful eyes is a clear revelation of the joy that comes to those who give happiness to others.

My Baby

Jessie J. Dalton

Snubby nose,
Crinkled toes,
Cheeks of rose,
My baby.

Eyes of blue,
Skies shine through,
Lovelight, too,
My baby.

Hair amiss,
Sweetest kiss,
Heaven and bliss,
My baby!

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From Near and Far

Yesterday the January *Magazine* came with the announcements of the contest winners and the winning entries. I was so glad to get my *Magazine* again, after being without it for some time. It is a splendid *Magazine* and I am very proud of it. The literature lessons are especially fine and very much enjoyed by the ward I am in. The poetry is always most excellent and I enjoy the stories. The new serial "Dark in the Chrysalis," by Alice Morrey Bailey begins in an interesting way and I am sure I shall enjoy it. "Joanna" (by Margery S. Stewart, 1949) was also well written and interesting throughout.

—Beatrice K. Ekman, Portland, Oregon

My *Relief Society Magazine* has started coming. Now I have the November and December copies to read until my January number arrives. Words cannot express how happy I am to have this *Magazine*. You see, the nearest Church (of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) is thirty-seven miles from my home. Thanks again for the *Magazine*. I feel like a child with a new toy—I enjoy it so much.

—Mrs. Richard Franklin,
Sulphur Wells, Kentucky

The first prize story "Grass in the Market Place" (January 1950) is vivid and real. The characters come to life and the writing style reveals distinction and outstanding craftsmanship.

—Dorothy J. Roberts,
Salt Lake City, Utah

I am very devoted to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I could not keep house without it. I haven't missed a copy in thirty-five years. The story "You Can Learn" (October and November 1949 and January 1950) is very interesting. I lived on a farm three summers and know just what she means—*You can learn*. The lessons are wonderful and educational.

—Eva Christiansen, Gunnison, Utah

May this be a happy New Year of spiritual growth for the *Magazine*'s many readers.

—Sadie W. Adamson, Twin Falls, Idaho

So many times when I have been pressed for time I have opened *The Relief Society Magazine* and found just the inspiration I was needing. Sometimes it has been in a story or an article, often in a brief poem. I really like the third prize poem in the January *Magazine* by Margery S. Stewart, especially the part about finding ourselves between the covers of a book we had never taken time to read.

—Lydia M. Sorensen, Emery, Utah

I wish to thank all the staff for such a good *Magazine*. It is the best paper I ever had the privilege of reading. It not only supplies clean literature, but also gives us a variety of features, and the greatest blessing of all is that it gives me courage and strengthens my testimony of the gospel which I had long looked for.

—Mrs. R. E. Dry, Brownfield, Texas

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much and want to tell you I have especially enjoyed the series of stories called "You Can Learn" by Katherine Kelly (October, November, January). They are the kind of everyday things that might happen to any young wife and mother, and I think it is the little things that we learn from day to day that increase our faith and strengthen our testimonies.

—Mrs. W. A. Christensen,
Salt Lake City, Utah

An interesting letter has been received from Mr. Sanjoy Das of Siliguri, Bengal, India. A part of the letter, and a few lines from one of his poems follow: "My late father was a regular and eager reader of your *Magazine* and books. Formerly, after his departure, I received the *Magazine* for some time. I am a student of science in college.

"I tell the tales of fairy and flowers,
Of nature's blossoms and sunny bowers;
The call of silence at the death of night,
The hues of rainbow—miracle of light."

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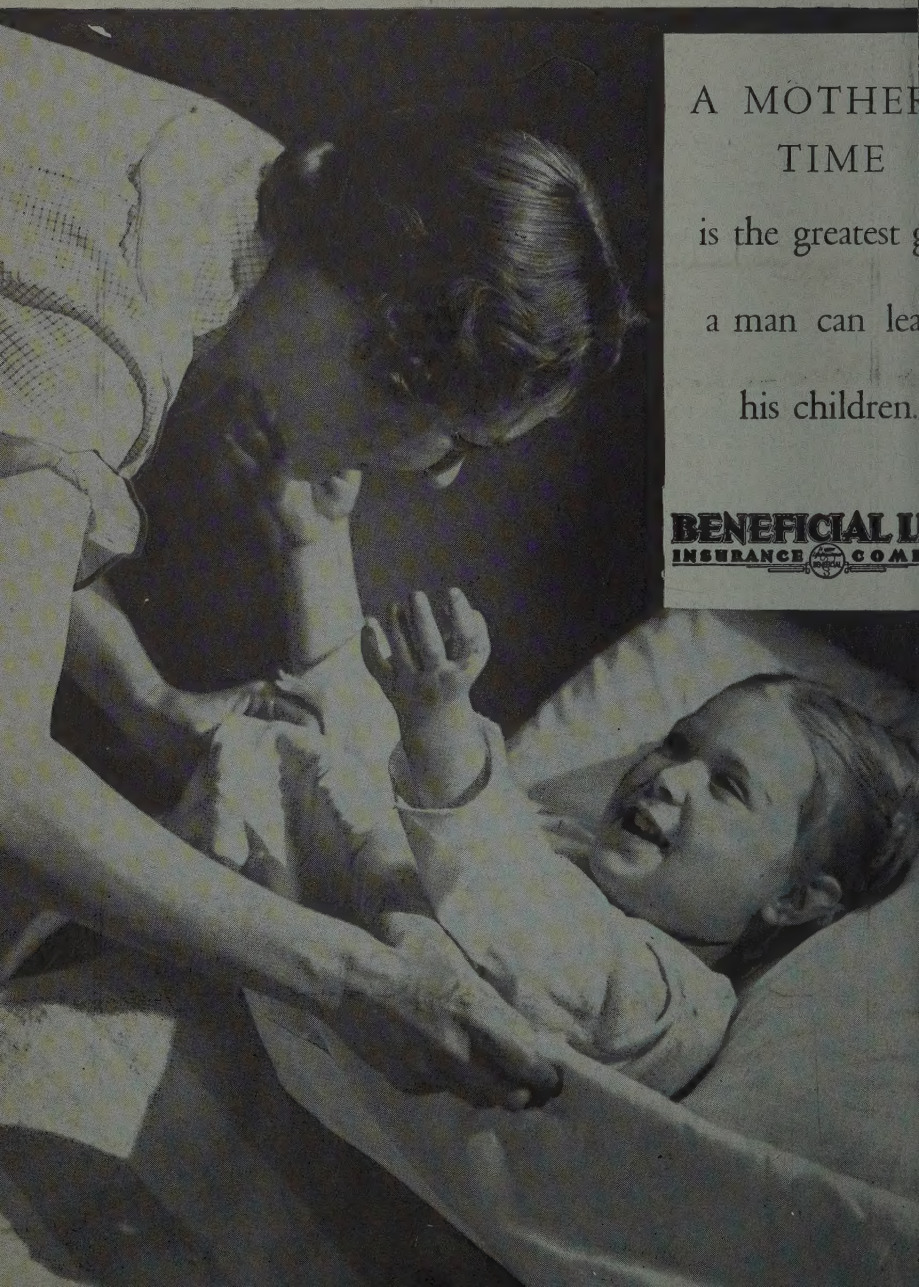
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